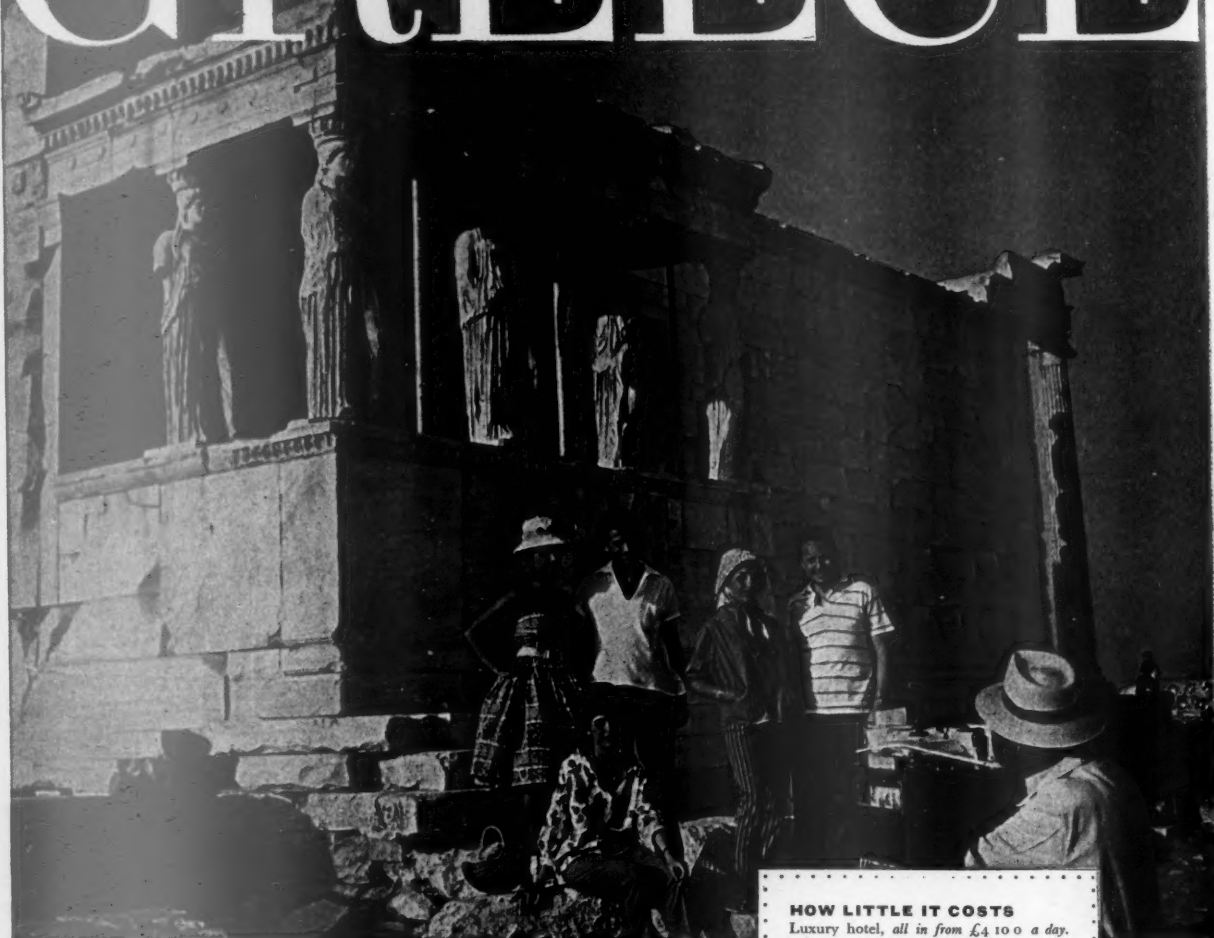


# Punch

9<sup>d</sup>



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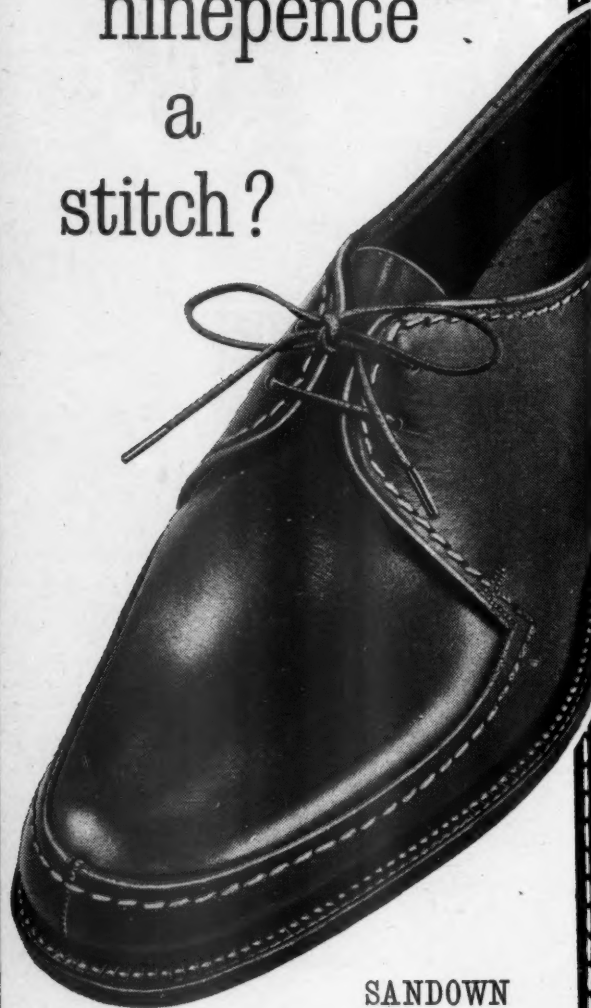
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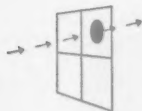
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# For Massey-Ferguson the harvest starts with COAL

**T**URN THE SOIL, sow the seed, reap the harvest, glean the fields . . . this has been the farmer's year from the beginnings of husbandry, an inflexible cycle that has bent the backs of men for centuries. But now the yoke is broken, and men can sit proud and free while Massey-Ferguson provide tireless sinews of steel to force the stubborn earth to yield a richer harvest.

At Coventry the largest tractor factory in the world is in constant production (together with two other plants at Manchester and Kilmarnock) to meet the world-wide demand for Massey-Ferguson tractors and implements, combine harvesters and other self-powered equipment. The men who control this great industry, which employs almost 10,000 men, give the farmer the tractors and self-powered machines to carry out, with greater speed and efficiency, his important work. In the same way, they know they must themselves have reliable power to keep the Massey-Ferguson factories running smoothly. That's why they choose coal.

They know that coal combines two essential qualities—maximum efficiency and minimum cost; that mechanical stoking and smokeless burning ensure full use of coal's power potential; that, beneath the earth they help to cultivate, there lies enough coal to keep their production lines moving for generations to come.

Remember Massey-Ferguson next time your vote is called for on the choice of fuel. Your business, like their tractors, can reap a richer harvest on coal.

## SOME KEY FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE FOUR MASSEY-FERGUSON POWERHOUSES AT COVENTRY, MANCHESTER AND KILMARNOCK

No. of boilers . . . . . 10, including 4 water tubes  
Method of firing . . . . . Mechanical stokers—  
both Chain Grate and Coking  
Steam pressure . . . . . 100 and 200 p.s.i.  
Steam temp. . . . . Between 330° and 280° F.  
Continuous maximum rating  
Each water tube boiler has a rating of  
15 million B.T.U's per hour. The  
other 6 boilers have a total rating of  
92,000 lbs. steam per hour.  
Annual coal consumption . . . . . 17,500 tons

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A man is known by the company he keeps



The cigar: H. Upmann Havana

## A host is known by the brandy he serves

To serve your guests an indifferent brandy is more insult than compliment. The correct thing to serve after meals is a cognac of liqueur quality. This is why the perfect host gladly pays that little bit more for a really fine liqueur brandy like Remy Martin. A genuine Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac. A brandy defined by French law as *Fine Champagne* because it is made exclusively from grapes grown in the two finest districts of Cognac. And it is reassuring to remember that Remy Martin make *nothing* less good.

PRIDE OF COGNAC



# REMY MARTIN



## WESTMINSTER BANK

### VERY CONSIDERABLE ACHIEVEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on February 15 in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement by the chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham, for the year ended December 31, 1960:

This year Westminster Bank will celebrate the 125th anniversary of its opening. At the end of 1935 the total of our Current, Deposit and Other accounts amounted to £323 million and our Advances and other Accounts to £115 million. At the conclusion of the year that has just passed these figures had risen to £1,009 million and £459 million respectively. Even allowing for inflation, these figures represent very considerable achievement.

During the year under review we added over 100,000 new Current Accounts. We have been amongst the leaders of progress in mechanized banking and are now on the threshold of far-reaching electronic developments.

The year 1960 was a very good one so far as the domestic affairs of our Bank were concerned, and we have been able to show a profit of £3,412,832, an increase of £906,731 over the 1959 figure. This has enabled us to raise the dividend on our "B" shares from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 8d. per share.

In many ways the past year has been in marked contrast to 1959. The country's balance-of-payments figures have become disquieting; and signs of renewed inflation have begun to appear. In these circumstances, there is no doubt that credit restriction was necessary; but it is surely contrary both to justice and efficiency that, in spite of many recommendations, no way should yet have been devised for including other financial institutions in the restrictions that have been applied to the Banks.

### SPECIAL DEPOSITS

Arrangements were made in 1958 whereby the Bank of England could call for Special Deposits from the Clearing Banks and the Scottish Banks as a weapon to control the ability of those banks to increase their advances to customers. At the time these arrangements were made they were said to be available pending the report of the Radcliffe Committee; but although that Committee reported strongly against calls for Special Deposits from the Clearing Banks unless accompanied by general restrictions on all classes of lenders, yet calls of 2 per cent of total deposits in the Clearing Banks were made during 1960, and that 2 per cent, together with 1 per cent from the Scottish Banks, amounting in total to £150 million, continues to be held by the Bank of England.

At the same time opinion seems to be tending towards regarding a 30 per cent. liquidity ratio as a minimum: which further restrains our ability to lend, by compelling us to keep a higher ratio throughout the year than prudent banking requires, in order to maintain the minimum during the early months of each year, when the taxation drain on our customers reduces our deposits. Moreover, a fixed minimum liquidity ratio defeats the whole object of liquidity since those assets can then never be used to meet unexpected calls on banks' cash. A plan which required an average liquidity ratio over the year would be much more acceptable.

The worsening of our balance-of-payments was largely due to the failure of our exports to grow, whilst our imports did grow greatly.

Much attention has been given during the year to the steady increase in our gold and dollar reserves: but in view of our failure to earn a surplus abroad, the increased reserves can be accounted for only by the large inflow of West European and American capital, some of it for permanent investment here, but much of it a quite temporary movement of money to take advantage of the high rates of interest prevailing in London. In spite of the adverse balance-of-payments, the inflow of money has kept sterling strong throughout the year.

### OUTLOOK FOR 1961

The general outlook for 1961 is uncertain. Apart from the many clouds on the political horizon, our economic prospects, like those of the rest of the free world, will remain unsettled until there are signs that the new Administration is managing to pull the United States out of their present recession.

The balance-of-payments is the key to our economic problem. Unless it can be improved by increasing exports, we shall have to reduce our imports, with the result that there will have to be contraction rather than expansion at home.

Despite our problems, we are still enjoying a high degree of prosperity: but it seems likely that 1961 will prove a difficult and therefore a challenging year for us all.

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in the supreme  
Humber Super Snipe



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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6280  
January 25 1961

Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood



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## Subscriptions

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\*For overseas rates see page 194.

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## The London Charivari

WHATEVER qualities Dwight D. Eisenhower lacked, warmth and humour weren't among them. When he was made a Freeman of the City of London in victory year he came out on the balcony of the Mansion House with Winston Churchill and addressed the cheering mob. "What you don't realize," he said, "is that from to-day I've as much right to be down there yelling as you have."

### Wondermachiavelli

THE papers seemed surprised by the omission of Liberals from the new list of Life Peers, rather as people in zoologically safe areas lament the impending extinction of beasts of prey. But Mr. Macmillan is not despising a



spent force. He is leaving the Liberal political stars where they can do him most good, down in the constituencies fighting Labour for a seat in the Commons.

### The Home Michelangelo Set

AFTER Painting-By-Numbers there comes from Germany the Do-It-Yourself Mozart Kit. It seems that they have chopped up his music into

manageable phrases which (on a throw of the dice) can be slotted together to make a neat piece for the piano. From here it's surely a short step to the Junior Playwright Outfit—scissor up the dialogue from all the New Movement dramatists, throw your dice, and you end up with *A Taste of Roots* to out-Pinter Pinter. And Noël Coward shouldn't smile—his dialogue would chop up just as well.

### Time, The Great Healer

A MAN of fifty-five who had been disqualified from driving for life



later got the disqualification reduced to twenty-five years. In other words, after not driving for a quarter of a century he will become eligible again when he is eighty. I must say this is the most original contribution to road safety I've heard of for a long time.

### Bit Thin on Honourable Top

TOKYO dentists who struck last week for higher fees pointed out that they are paid less for a filling than a barber gets for a haircut. Most of these comparative reward arguments—film stars and prime ministers, for instance—founder on the law of supply





*"But sooner or later everybody has to make way. Ike's gone, Geoffrey Fisher's going. Why, even De Gaulle and Adenauer will have to call it a day sometime, Hugh."*

and demand, but this certainly would not apply to Western world dentists and barbers. Perhaps the high value set on ceremonial courtesy in the East enters into the scale; the man with the scissors has infinite scope for real artistry in honeyed compliment, self-abasement and exquisitely observed punctilio, whereas the man with the drill is performing to a dumb and uncomfortable audience, which takes all the fun out of flattery.

#### Contemptuous Anecdote

TWO shop assistants were talking at a jewellery counter. One picked up a pair of delft-ware miniature-sabot earrings, noted they were marked "Painted by British craftsmen," and said to the other, "They can't do anything without us, can they?"

#### Stop Interrupting

THE recent Maigret series on television is the latest example of beginning the entertainment with a trailer and having the credit titles somewhere in the middle. It is not uncommon to have a couple of corpses and some French townscapes before we find Maigret lighting his pipe and are allowed to learn that we are watching another of the products of the world's most prolific Belgian. Surely the public become as inured to credit-titles as to

commercials. While they might be in a receptive mood for names of directors and adaptors and designers if they came at the beginning, when they come right inside the story they treat the interruption like a technical hitch and shut their minds off. The time for reading the programme is before the curtain goes up.

#### Then, Now

IN January 1960 the economic position looked pretty healthy and the Chancellor was reminded very firmly that we could now afford to help the surtax-payer. This year the country is not in such good shape and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is being told even more vehemently that surtax relief is essential. It is high time that the economists gave us a clear lead by announcing once and for all whether a high level of direct taxation is inflationary, deflationary or what. Or do they know?

#### The Name's the Thing

TO abolish surtax in favour of a combined, integrated income-cum-supertax would be madness. The word "surtax," substituted some years ago for "supertax," still carries with it the suggestion that the faces of the rich are being ground; remove it from the economic dictionary and the agitators



*"I'm back on starches but I keep my weight down worrying about Capital Gains Tax."*

of the Left would be up in arms. My advice to the Chancellor is this: keep surtax separate, but call it something like the "Pole Axe Tax" or the "Riches Equalization Tax" or just "Death Tax."

#### Abandon Home, All Ye . . .

THE youth officer at Stevenage is talking of starting a hostel for youths who fall out with their parents and wish to stay away from them for a while. There are possibilities here. Why not a hostel for wives who leave home to go to mother only to find that mother doesn't particularly want them? And another for putting the old folks in now and then, so that somebody else can get near the television? And, of course, a hostel where parents can be sent when their children want to throw a party.

#### A Blow for Freedom

POSTERS extolling a Sunday paper series about Brigitte Bardot say: "The story she tried to ban . . . by the man who was her confidential secretary." All true Britons will agree it is intolerable that obstacles should have been put in the way of a confidential secretary trying to peddle his employer's secrets to the highest bidder. How else is a secretary to live, for goodness' sake?

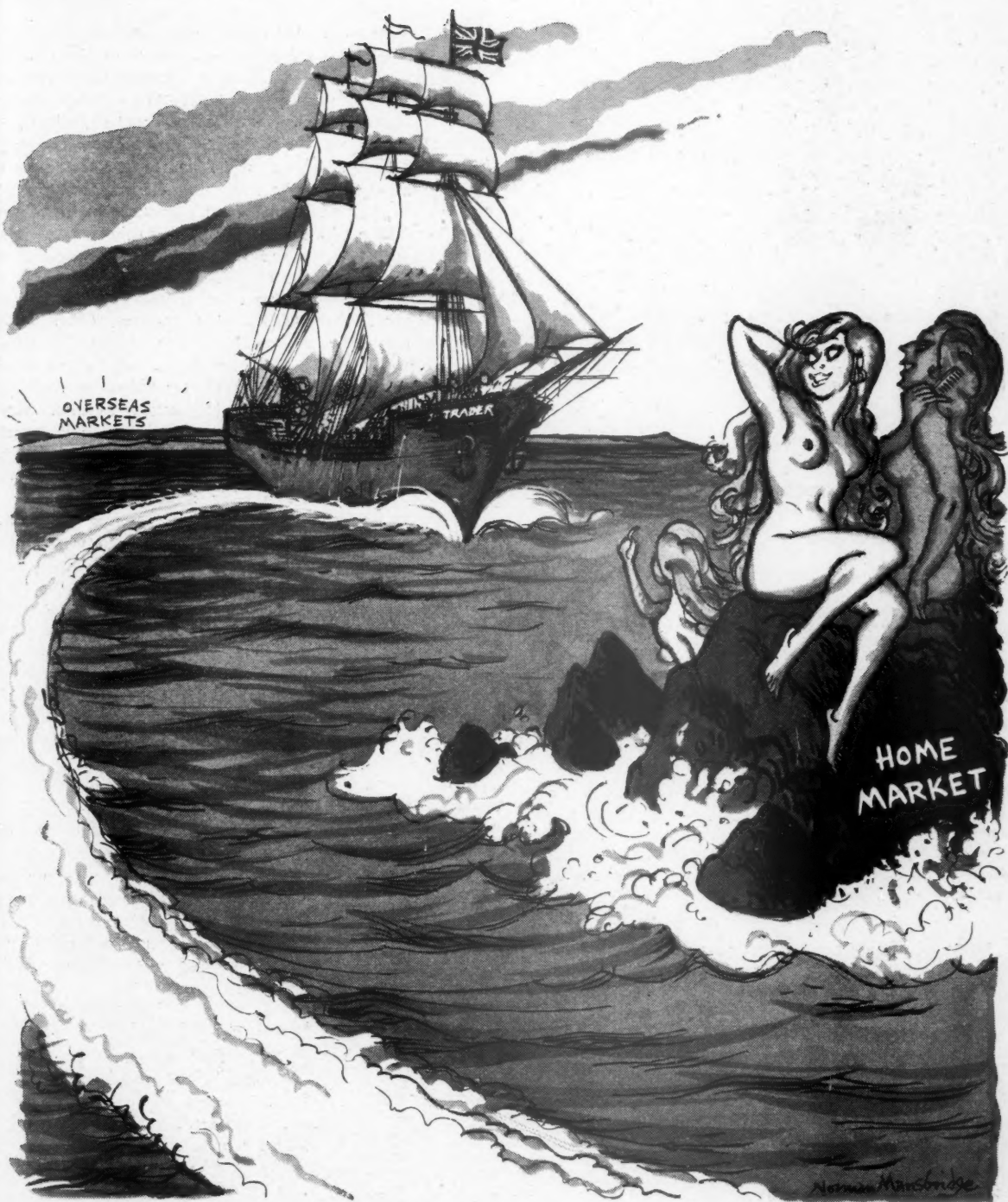
#### Unwanted Christmas Cards

CHRISTMAS cards have become so elaborate that use for one occasion only seems too perfunctory. Last year two million of them were saved for re-issue in a different form. They helped, in one way or another, limblex ex-servicemen, epileptics, spastics, children in hospital and the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Some were refashioned. Others made models, jigsaw puzzles and scrapbooks. If you don't know any local organization that wants your discards the Hallmark Twelfth Night Appeal, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, will find a home.

#### Disarming

AT a small restaurant I asked a waiter, who was genial but obviously new to the job, for the wine list and ordered a bottle of Number 24. He took the list, studied it and said with a sheepish smile, "I'm not really clued up on the wines yet, sir."

—MR. PUNCH





## POP PEOPLE'S CLOTHES

Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the sixth of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with clothes

By ANGELA MILNE

THE Brights live in a South London housing estate called, it wouldn't surprise me, Orchard Rise or Woomera Way, and as we turn the spotlight upon a day in their clothes-life we see Jack Bright, son of the house, twenty, sitting upstairs at a contemporary beechwood gateleg table before an electric fan heater.

Jack is a student and the only one (apart from Mum) not helping to net the family's lump wage of £28 a week. Dependence irks the lad. Resting his thick-knit sweated elbow on his homework he is reflecting that if he's worked it out right and the Brights really did spend about £1,000,000,000 on things to wear in 1959—£300,000,000 up on 1951—then surely Dad will stand him an American grey Italian-style single-breasted two-button suit, when the door clicks open and Maureen, his teenage sister, hobbles in on her winklepickers. There are lots of kinds of teenagers, Jack thinks crossly, and his family had to have one of the hairy ones. Hairy hair, hairy jumper, great shaggy tent of a skirt—

"New," says Maureen, trying a pirouette. "Like them?"

"Go away!" shouts Jack. "Squandering £900,000,000 annually! And what on?" he yells over the banister as Maureen, knowing from the note in his voice that she's going to be asked why she doesn't try drinking tea and listening to the Bottom Twenty, totters off to buy something else. And honestly do you want to hear if it's a nylon sheepskin anorak or needlecord tights? Do you *care* any more? Shall we move on to her elder sister Primrose, 22, still unmarried, who is showing cousin Marian round her wardrobe?

"I like this skirt," says Marian. "Good old Marks and Sparks. Nice and straight too, I don't care for those new flared things."

"They don't have them," said Primrose. "The girl says there's no call yet. You won't get one like this at *our* shop, Marian, an old dowager bought the other. D'you know what else the girl said, when they have a good line they always make too few on purpose?"

"It's because they can't afford to waste stock," says Jack eagerly at the door. "Small profits are made possible by huge turnover—£148,023,000 last year as against £65,836,000 in 1951." (He's showing off because he's keen on Marian.) "All due to us, of course. Our enormous spending power makes it possible for them to put more than half a million a year into research and supervision and keep up a fantastic standard of quality among their manufacturers—"

The girls burst out laughing. "Hark at him," says Marian, "as if quality mattered! I go by if clothes look nice and fashionable and gay."

"Colourful too," says Primrose. "Something you can wear for a bit and then chuck out. See this sweater, Marian, and this one. Both C. and A."

"What a lovely neck, so fashionable. What pretty colours."

"What I say is, why pay four pounds for a sweater when the same money will buy two?"

Jack has got down to the kitchen where his mother, still in her plastic apron, sits writing a letter. "Coming out, Mum?"

"When I've finished writing to your Auntie Peg." Guiltily tearing off the page saying *Dear Woman's Sphere, Re the coat pictured on P. 34 69/11 is just my price* she begins *Dear Peg, Hoping you have a good birthday. Miss you v. much and wonder what you are doing these days.*



What Auntie Peg is doing this particular day is walking into her favourite Liverpool store, the one that has changed so since she started walking into it three or four years ago. It used to be really posh, restrained, nothing in the window, now for the past year it's had a whole new inexpensive dress department going up to 9 guineas. Not that she herself would go to that price but with George doing so well she doesn't mind spending £5 on a cotton dress (come to think, she might buy that one there and wear it in the spring with a cardigan or her odd tweed jacket) and it's twice the fun shopping somewhere luxurious. Meanwhile she's here for something much more important than cottons.

"An evening dress to wear at your husband's office dinner-dance? But of course that really is special."

"Yes, all the other wives, *you* know. Oh, but I really don't fancy black, not after the old Manchester days I don't, swore I'd never wear it again and do you know, my cousin there, now she's got a bit more and can afford dry cleaning and washing's so much easier she says you can't get her into black for love or—yes, that's pretty but isn't it rather, well, plain?"

"But fashion is plain these days."

"Yes, but my husband's office dinner-dance——"

Poor Auntie Peg, who has her mental eye on sequins and a bit of drapery, is fighting a losing battle and dimly knows it. She's had this funny feeling before that this shop is trying to *teach* her to buy clothes—but there, according to her daughter-in-law June, this is one of the John Lewis bunch, and advanced.

June, trying on a suit down in the Cambridge branch where all the customers used to be over forty, high-class and rather dowdy, is part of the wind of change that has blown an equal number of totally different customers into this shop over the past two or three years. June and Jimmy Bright (he is a salesman, she a secretary, they have no children yet) live in a fine modern flat, go visiting in their new car on Sundays, travel abroad every summer. To-night they will dine in a good restaurant. They aren't afraid of high life—well, it's all over the place, telly, shops, everywhere—though they don't pretend to belong to it. They know how the rich live. Who are the rich anyway, these days? This lovely feeling that life is on the up-and-up gives June bags of self-confidence. "I'll take this suit," she says, gazing serenely over her shoulder at the back of its new flared skirt. Made in their own workrooms, the girl says, with the special sizing they have now what with women so much slimmer and—would she believe



"I'm new here."



"If we're not careful, not only are we going to get soaked but clean as well."

it?—shorter. Price 8 guineas. Quite enough, thinks June. She would just hate the sort of suit you invest in—in fact almost had words about it yesterday with Jimmy, whose taste has sobered down since he turned twenty-eight.

Investing in a suit is what Jack Bright has finally persuaded his mother into, and at this moment he is steering her through the Saturday shoppers to the swing door of a tailoring chain store—whose 580 branches, he informs her, clothe one man in four in Britain and have in the past six or seven years trebled their trade. To which Mrs. Bright says never mind that, it's where his Dad shops and she's thankful they're keeping off those funny new shops where everything is American or foreign, but what a pity Dad had to work to-day, she could do with him being here. "If I earned money like everybody else my age," growls Jack, who expects a bit of a struggle getting a suit exactly like Harry's. He and his mother take their places near an old square who is buying flannels and telling the assistant that when you have a young family somebody has to go without new clothes and guess who.

"Guess who, I can tell him who," mutters Mrs. Bright. "All this mad spending," she broods as Jack disappears into the fitting-room, "they talk as if we all had money to throw about, but where do I come in unless I pinch the housekeeping? Nobody cares about me."

Just to prove how wrong Mrs. Bright can be, somebody a few doors up is sliding a coat into an empty space in a small double-windowed chain-shop. It is a nice flecked tweed coat, neither young nor old, an honest all-purpose job with a bit of dash about the collar, and as soon as Mrs. Bright sees it she'll know it was made for her. It was too. It wouldn't have been just the right tweed if a year ago it hadn't been hunted for all over Britain and the Continent; or the right style if the firm's designers hadn't done their amazingly exhaustive rounds of Paris, Italy and America, sniffing the fashion air and just looking about them so as to be on the beam for the spring collections. Nor would this coat have been a possible price if it hadn't rolled off the sewing-machines

in thousands for the autumn deadline; nor perhaps so obviously Mrs. Bright's coat if cunning placing and scattering hadn't made sure than everyone in the same town wouldn't meet everybody else wearing one.

So it jolly well is made for Mrs. Bright, who, still a few doors away, is walking round Jack, saying things.

"These narrow lapels, are they all right? Yes, dear, I know people wear them but I must ask."

"These narrow trousers, are they all—yes, well, if you say so, it's just that I thought."

"Oh, yes, he looks very nice in it, but it's so different. From my husband, I mean. Not that he doesn't keep up—no, he goes to another branch nearer his work. He says that with these young things you've got to keep up."

"They keep your shop up too, do they? These young people, that's the way it is, they lay down the rules and no stopping them . . . Yes, dear, well that's settled and I'm sure your Dad will think I've chosen right." And so, with a wistful glance at a proofed tweed mac with such a pretty red lining, Mrs. Bright proceeds up the street.

Of course what really makes the coat the coat for Mrs. Bright, especially after that fling, is the little placard at the back of the window saying *Credit Facilities*. Twelve monthly payments of 12s. 4d., as she points out to Jack on their way home through the bustling evening glitter, is something you don't notice. She puts the letter to *Woman's Sphere* on the fire; a pity, she does love writing to her favourite magazine. She can still write, though; ask them to tell her what dress will go under her new coat and suit her figure and personality. This sort of thing is almost as exciting as sending for your horoscope. *Dear Woman's Sphere*, writes Mrs. Bright, *I have blue eyes, brown hair and though a mother of three am quite trim.*

But Mrs. Bright is not to get far with this letter either, for here is her husband's cousin Brenda Bright dropping round with her catalogue. Mrs. Bright has never seen this catalogue but often heard of it, for Brenda buys all her clothes through the post from what Jack calls the Frozen North, just to be different. The Brights consider her mildly bonkers, though allowing that her baby, from its embroidered pram cover to its rabbit-encrusted siren suit, is well dressed even for Woomera Way. As Brenda unfolds her great fat catalogue and the pert ballerinas and WX matrons in glorious florals flip by Mrs. Bright admits the fascination of postal shopping.

"The photographs are best," says Brenda, turning to a section in early Technicolor with all the faces yellow. "You can tell from them, can't you? And they use such nice, ordinary girls."

"What a sweet mauve dress," says Mrs. Bright. "I was reading in *Woman's Sphere* about mauve."

"You can get everything on easy terms," says the serpent. "Pay so much a month all the time, when you buy more they just add a bit on."

Mrs. Bright feels the mauve dress coming at her like the coat. All these credit facilities are making her feel giddy, but as Brenda says it does solve your dress problems; though what solves this particular one is that just then Maureen comes in and sees the shoe page and has a fit, which sends Brenda off in a huff saying that she personally wouldn't wear pointed shoes if paid. Mrs. Bright sighs with relief and goes back to a safe world where sooner or later a nice Littlewoods dress will turn up in *Woman's Sphere* at 42s. 5d.

Primrose comes in too, looking radiant; more radiant than one would expect a girl to look whose frozen hands hold a pair of flimsy white shoes.

"They're to wear with my white fluffy coat," she says patiently. "My others didn't last a week in the mud. Really, Mum, you can't expect me to wear dull dark shoes at my age like the old dowager I saw buying a pair of genuine crocodile—genuine, as if anyone would know!—and saying they'd have to last her five years, poor old duck." Primrose sheds her immaculate plastic handbag and Greek wine-label scarf and bursts out: "Oh, Mum, I'll have to tell you! I met Edward in Oxford Street back from America and we're secretly engaged!"

In the following rejoicing a great beacon of a thought flares up in Mrs. Bright. *Dear Woman's Sphere, Please will you advise me what to wear as mother of the bride*—no, better still she'll go up to Oxford Street on Tuesday and find the girl who was so nice and they'll turn the shop out for something splendid with sequins and draping, something that'll knock the church flat and Dad will be proud to work some more overtime to pay for.

Mrs. Bright may not actually get to Oxford Street but plenty will happen on Tuesday as the clothes-selling world swings into another day of keeping Pop People happy. A

million customers will flow into Marks and Spencer, a hundred thousand pairs of nylons flow out, hundreds of thousands of pounds will turn over up and down Kensington High Street, Auntie Peg will add twenty-five bob's worth of gilt chunks to her regrettably unadorned green chiffon, Brenda's baby will have a new woolly hat, up Jack's graph-paper Footwear will rise £30,000,000 in seven years and from June's newspaper's Woman's Page June will rise an expert in the teaming of fifteen-bob tops with thirty-bob pants so as to look a million dollars. It's all part of an upsurging wage-happy jolly world that has never heard of *Which?* and doesn't give a damn for pure silk; but, simply by liking a bit of colour and having no grudge against synthetics and being its unrepentantly Pop self, above all by paying the piper and sitting back to let science and the competitive spirit call the tune, has turned Britain into the country for good unfussy clothes coming off the peg at ridiculous prices. It hasn't done much yet for Mrs. Bright (though she's trying) but it's worked wonders for Speech Day parents and it's making the dowager better dressed than she ever was in her life.

Next week:

POP PEOPLE'S EATING OUT



"Nice quiet place you have here."



# Follow My Leader

By CLAUD COCKBURN

*With production costs soaring and newspaper competition due to be fiercer than ever in the months to come, Editorial Aids Ltd. once again offers an invaluable service. The Editor who gets his news and editorial comment in type well in advance of events, with only minor insertions to be made when the news actually breaks, is going to be up-to-the-minute at only a fraction of normal costs. Below are brief specimen news stories and appropriate comments. Full stories and leading articles on these and a wide range of other coming events are obtainable on subscription to Editorial Aids.*

**Q**UOTING the old Russian proverb "You can't mend the seat of your pants without taking them off," Nikita Khrushchev chuckled heartily yesterday as he told guests at a diplomatic reception in Moscow that "peace is what you make it." The statement was received with reserve in Washington. A State Department spokesman said it would be carefully examined with special reference to the "over-all Caribbean area pattern." In London the Foreign Office emphatically denied any baseless allegations that might be made.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*Mr. Khrushchev's statement, with its implied appeal to those all over the world who feel their trousers wearing, metaphorically speaking, thin, is a challenge to western diplomacy. It is*

*pre-eminently a moment for the British Government to act with that mixture of audacity and caution which the circumstances of our troubled times demand.*

## THE CRIME WAVE

Police are anxious to interview a man aged about eighty-four who may be able to assist inquiries into a number of so-called "Teddy Boys" early yesterday. The youths, said to have been "acting just normally," were severely beaten, apparently with umbrellas. The three men taking part in the attack were described by one of the victims as "awfully old with kind of crazy eyes."

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*It is high time that this country awoke to the menace of octogenarian crime. It*

*is indeed sad to note that despite the provision of pensions, and the many amenities of the Welfare State, some of these old people seem unable to adjust themselves to the ordinary life of the community. The prospect of gangs of bearded bald-heads roaming our streets attacking fellow citizens whose appearance or manner happens to annoy them is indeed alarming. No wonder the question is being asked—not least by the young—whether we are being too "soft" with the old. As a leading Teddy Girl put it the other day "Give them a taste of their own medicine. Flog them with umbrellas."*

## DEFENCE

One thousand million pounds, give or take a couple of million, is the cost to date of the defensive-offensive nuclear anti-deterrent which, in an effort to maintain the stability of the dollar, the British Government has been constructing for the United States as "a gesture of solidarity." Announcing this in the House of Commons yesterday the Chancellor explained that work on the project had now been abandoned as the weapons concerned had been found to be obsolete. Britain, he added, might well congratulate herself on this achievement, involving as it did a saving of the further thousand million which it would have cost to complete the project.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*None will begrudge . . . Solidarity English-speaking peoples . . . Vigilance . . . Yet legitimate ask whether not some lack foresight shown by Government's expert advisers . . . More vigilance . . . Ho-hum.*

## LITERATURE AND THE LAW

*The Bleat No More o' Connecticut case entered its twenty-third day at the*



*"As you can see, the house is a lot roomier than it looks from the outside."*



"I told you we shouldn't have turned left at Gdynia."

Old Bailey yesterday. The English publishers of this 2,500-page novel by the American writer Garston Sedge are being prosecuted under a statute dating from the time of Henry VII which makes it a criminal offence to publish matter tending to be the occasion of snoring and boring. Witnesses for the defence have already described the book as "an epic" and "a book Tolstoy would have written if he could." The Bishop of Hemel Hempstead said "I cannot imagine anyone but a chronic dropsy victim being sent into more than a natural and perfectly harmless doze by this book. I read more boring books than this before I was fifteen years old." He added, in reply to a question by prosecuting counsel, that his eight-year-old daughter had been reading an imported copy of the American edition for the past two years without visible ill effects.

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT

*None. Matter sub judice. But start now stockpiling some words to the effect that publication of this work is going to be a blow for freedom, or the thick end of the borer.*

#### ENTERTAINMENT

Replying to charges of pandering to the lowest elements in the public taste, an ITV spokesman said yesterday: "Some of these critics need their heads examined. How can such accusations be made against companies which devote 40 per cent of their peak viewing time to the works of Shakespeare and another 10 per cent to the serialization of the *Acts of the Apostles*? That," he added in reply to several questions, "is our ultimate objective which, if everyone will stop carping and nagging and instead give loyal support to our present programme policies, we confidently

expect to be able to achieve in due course."

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT

*None here either. If you say he's a liar he'll sue you. If you pretend to believe him the readers will judge you a sucker.*

#### THE FINANCIAL FRONT

"In defending the recent sharp rise in the Bank Rate," the Prime Minister told his Guildhall audience yesterday, "I cannot do better than repeat the arguments I used some weeks ago in defending the sharp lowering of the Rate which had then just occurred. And the same applies—*mutatis*, of course, always *mutatis*, to the question of the credit squeeze. Only a persistent policy of deflationary inflation can enable leaders of the British export trade to expect so much as a single barony in the next Honours List."

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister's forthright words at the Guildhall will be taken to heart by all those who realize that we in this country cannot afford to lower the Bank Rate without raising it again as soon as possible. Nor, desirable as is the presence of a large volume of "hot" money in London, can it be allowed to remain here indefinitely. We must not be at the mercy of the speculators of Zurich. Indeed in our view the Swiss Government should be pressed to compel these gentry to quit Zurich altogether, at whatever cost to the financial columnists of certain newspapers. Surely it is obvious even to the layman that any relaxation of credit is meaningless unless*

*closely associated with a credit "squeeze."*

## MORE FOREIGN NEWS

A grim-faced Nikita Khrushchev told a gathering of diplomats in Moscow yesterday that disarmament is disarmament. He quoted an old Russian proverb to the effect that "a three-legged man needs more than two boots." A White House spokesman commented "There is no serious recession in the United States. There is no truth in the report that the Kennedy baby has mumps." In London the Foreign Office warned against an undue attitude to anything. He recalled what had happened in the case of Iceland a few years ago.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*There will be few to disagree with the serious statements of policy made in Moscow, Washington and London yesterday. Declarations such as this do much to clear the air. Never has the need for a bold and dynamic initiative been greater.*

## TRADE

Only 240 shopping days to Christmas.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

*While deploring the commercialization of Christmas we find ourselves unable to comment at normal length since the advance Christmas advertising has this year taken over most of our Editorial space.*

## Men Without Faces

By B. A. YOUNG

**I**F ever I was sorry for a newspaper reporter, it was for the man who had to write half a column last week describing the five accused in the naval secrets case in such a way as to bring out their indescribability.

His start was impeccable; Harry Houghton, the retired petty officer working for the Admiralty, was "like any other naval pensioner working as a clerk or messenger for the Admiralty."



It is true that the suggestion that all naval pensioners working for the Admiralty look alike may not stand up to close examination, but the right atmosphere of anonymity is created at once. It is far more effective to type a man as simply one unit in a big crowd of identical people than to try to emphasize his ordinariness by suggesting that he looks like something quite different. I remember a music critic before the war trying to explain how ordinary Stravinsky and some other composers were: "Dr. Vaughan Williams resembles nothing so much as a prosperous gentleman-farmer," he said. "Rachmaninov and Sibelius might easily be mistaken for eminent Harley Street specialists, Stravinsky looks like an analytical chemist." But the point that emerges from that is surely that a composer who looks like an analytical chemist will stand out like cotton-wool in a coal bucket when posed against a background of other composers (unless they happen to look like eminent Harley Street specialists, which I take to be an exceptional case); whereas a naval pensioner who not only works with other naval pensioners but looks like all of them is bound to be pretty inconspicuous.

So far, so good. But then our reporter begins to cheat, by inventing a

hypothetical neutral background: "He looks," he writes, "the sort of office worker who worries about his health, drinks a lot of tea and does a little gardening at week-ends." This is just not fair. Having disguised his subject by posing him against a myriad identical figures, he is now working on their environment until they disappear into the surroundings like zebras on the high veldt. Of course he may be such a good reporter that he has already found out that Mr. Houghton *does* worry about his health, drink tea and garden at week-ends, but I believe he is extemporizing. It is certainly extemporization of a high order. "Miss Ethel Gee, too, would be indistinguishable in any Admiralty office with tea cups on the filing cabinets, brimming ash-trays and coloured postcards of Portofino and Morecambe pinned on the cream walls."

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Kroger are given very little attention after that. We are simply told that to see them in the street you would put them down as well-to-do North American tourists. I should have said they looked the kind of couple who would mix strong Martinis in a Peter Todd Mitchell shaker, subscribe to *Horizon*, and have a telephone in their Cadillac sedan. As for Mr. Lonsdale ("powerfully built with short, dark hair and bright intelligent eyes"),



would he not be at home ordering *bisque de homard*, creamed breast of chicken *sous cloche* with broccoli *au gratin* and strawberries-and-cream, washed down, of course, with a magnum of the '49 Krug, at the Caprice or the Jardin des Gourmets, in company with eminent actresses and stockbrokers? In such a wash of *verismo* you can hardly see the characters at all, let alone decide on whether or not you would notice them queueing for a bus in the Strand. (This reporter said you wouldn't.)

Unfortunately it is not very easy to decide who you *would* notice queueing for a bus in the Strand. I once queued there behind a man wearing a fez, dark glasses and an overcoat that came almost to his ankles, and carrying a walking stick enamelled green; and I noticed him all right. But if he had turned up in the dock at Bow Street the following week, I could not put my hand on my heart and swear that I had foreseen it all along. On the other hand I once noticed, in the same queue, a very pretty blonde girl because she had a deep, deep suntan in the middle of March, which might have suggested an easy familiarity with the world of James Bond; but it turned out that she had been posing for a newspaper photographer against a background representing the beach at Nassau.

There was a girl in some old comedy I remember, or it may have been a revue, who introduced her fiancé to Jack Hulbert. "Don't you think Harold looks sunburnt?" she asked, and Jack Hulbert said, most reasonably, "Dunno how he ought to look." The fact is that until you do know how people ought to look, you can't tell whether or not they would attract your attention in a crowd. If Prince Monolulu were in the dock at Bow Street on a charge brought under the Official Secrets Act, no reporter would have any difficulty in describing why you would have noticed him queueing for a bus in the Strand. But it would have been a more than usually perceptive observer who could have deduced from his beaming face and nodding polychrome ostrich-feathers that he was carrying the plans of the Russian rocket base at Omsk. (Not, I hurriedly add, that Prince Monolulu is likely to do anything of the kind, bless him.)

Still, there we are. We have before us two middle-aged ladies and three

"I know you can get it two-pence cheaper down at the Supermarket—that's because here you have to pay for good old-fashioned personal service which you don't get there and if you don't like it you know what you can do!"



middle-aged men, and the requirement is to show what it is that makes them inconspicuous. Do we know how they ought to look? Well, we can have a shot at it. One is a naval pensioner working for the Admiralty. He "looks like any other naval pensioner working for the Admiralty." This is what is described as making the best of a bad job. If it is not exactly what the editor

wants, I can always turn to the cup of tepid coffee steaming beside my typewriter as I peer out from beneath my green eye-shade, and sip it thoughtfully between references to my well-thumbed copies of Roget and the *Oxford English Dictionary*, thus fading effectively from sight until I can take my place, unnoticed, in that bus queue in the Strand.

## On the Notice Board . . .

. . . of the Bruddersford Branch of the Sempiternal Insurance Company Ltd.

### ABUSE OF PAPER-CLIPS

**I**N my seven weeks at this Branch I have already drawn attention to no less than fifteen inefficient and uneconomic office practices which have apparently been condoned in the past.

I further noted on my daily inspection of desks at 8.15 a.m. to-day the addiction of many officers to the nervous habit of paper-clip straightening and I collected from ink-stands, ash-trays and tobacco-tin lids, a total of eighty-seven outstretched clips. Taking this as an average day's output and allowing for increases in tension at quarter-ends, I calculate the yearly wastage rate to be 32,500 paper-clips. This is one-third of our supply for the full period and causes the Company an annual stores loss of £28 7s. 11d.

My motion study of the work involved in unwinding a paper-clip suggests that at least thirty seconds is required to achieve the standard of straightness

attained in this office. Of the opened clips forty-two out of eighty-seven had been re-shaped into faces, spirals, rude swans and similar devices. Adding an average of ninety seconds for these artistic labours and including a special factor of twelve minutes for the complex mobile of paper-clips, pen-nibs and pipe-cleaners found on the desk of Mr. Mandlekin (Export Credit), I find that the loss of staff hours involved totals 6,925 hours per year, which represents an accrued expenditure of £3,147.

The over-all cost to the Company of this abuse of paper-clips is therefore,

	£	s.	d.
Staff Hours . . . .	3,147	0	0
Stores . . . . .	28	7	11
<b>TOTAL . . . . .</b>	<b>£3,175</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>11</b>

and this childish practice **MUST CEASE FORTHWITH.**

HARVEY J. GRADGRIND,  
Manager.

# Beards and Throwing

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

JUST a hundred years ago the Bishop of Rochester was giving good advice to the faithful of his diocese. "He has admonished his clergy," said the *Spectator*, "against the growth of beards and the too great development of whiskers; and he also proceeded to advise them against archery and cricket matches."

As to archery, he has perhaps got away with it. I have no exact statistics by me, but I should not be surprised to learn that over the last hundred years there has been a decline in archery, whether in clerical circles or over the larger secular world. Whether that be a good thing or not, I do not know. It may be that, seeing some of the other weapons with which people have come

to amuse themselves, the good bishop—if, as I greatly hope, at the age of 160 or so, he is still with us—sometimes wishes that his Rural Deans had stuck to bows and arrows.

But, as for cricketers and beards, I cannot, I admit, guess why he thought the combination an especial evidence of evil, but, if he had indeed had a supernatural revelation to that effect, then he must also have had divine intimation of the enormous calamity that was about to fall upon the world. For in 1860 William Gilbert Grace was twelve years old. Hair, I doubt not, sprouted abnormally early on that preternatural chin. Photographs of the old South of England Eleven show him bearded at least like the pard before he was

twenty, but it can hardly have made its appearance as early as December 29, 1860. Yet in another ten years' time what a fool the Bishop would look!

*W. G. Grace  
Had hair all over his face.  
Lord, how the people cheered  
When the ball got lost in his beard.*

Yet, unless he was gifted with second sight, the Bishop's anxiety in 1860 was a little curious. I have been looking through old cricket photographs of the All England teams of the 1840s and 1850s. There is not a beard or a whisker amongst them. After 1860, it is true, as if to spite the Bishop, whiskers began to sprout luxuriantly especially among North-country professionals. Even then beards—with the one enormous exception—were not much worn among English cricketers. Alfred Shaw, of Nottinghamshire, it is true, had a beard of a sort, but it was a miserable, scrubby sort of affair, looking merely as if he hadn't shaved. There was every now and again a player with a Newgate fringe below the chin, but substantially, as far as English beards went, it was *Grace et praeterea nihil*.

Yet there were in those days beards on English cricket pitches. Beards on a general scale came in with the Australians. Take the formidable Australian team of 1884. Bannerman, Blackham, Bonner, Cooper—all sport enormous beards. There is in their photograph even a gentleman in a top-hat, called Mr. G. Alexander, who stands behind them and has a beard which almost obscures the smart morning coat which he is wearing. He was, I imagine, some sort of manager. Turn to the English team that played them, and apart from W.G. there is not a beard to be seen. Barlow has some sort of a suspicion of a whisker. The rest are moustached, indeed, but are offensively clean-shaven on their chins. I wonder what the Bishop would have made of all that.

Yet the Bishop's point of view was clear enough. He thought that a beard made it worse, but he was against clergymen playing cricket at all. There again he does not seem over the course



"Anne! Can you think of something witty to break an awkward silence?"

of the years to have backed a winner. There has been a steady stream of parson-cricketers in first-class cricket from the Bishop's day to our own. What would he have thought had he lived to see a clergyman opening the innings for England! Research does not reveal whether any of these parson-cricketers have been connected with the diocese of Rochester. But of course it must be admitted that the Bishop, back in 1860, had something. The leading batsman of the first half of the century was Lord Frederick Beauclerk. He was a clergyman and was also well known as the dirtiest player of his day. The Bishop may well have thought that such players as Lord Frederick Beauclerk did no good either to Church or cricket. Indeed it was, it seemed, his opinion that the laws of cricket were so framed that under them disputes that were damaging to Christian charity were inevitable. The special law that he had in mind was that about fair bowling. It all began as long ago as 1827 when the professionals of the All England team, having twice been beaten by Sussex, declined to play a third match that had been arranged. "We, the undersigned," they wrote, "do agree that we will not play the third match between All England and Sussex, unless the Sussex bowlers bowl fair—that is, abstain from throwing." The controversy grumbled on for another thirty years and, until it was cleared up, thought the Bishop, Christians had better not play cricket. Alas, his démarche does not seem to have had much effect. For only two years later, in 1862, when England played Surrey at the Oval, which was at that time in the diocese of Rochester, Lillywhite no-balled Wilsher six times running, until Wilsher threw the ball down on the ground in disgust and all the England eleven, clean-shaven as they were, marched off the field in protest. Things could hardly have been worse if they had all had whiskers. I wonder what the Bishop thinks about it all to-day.

☆

"A record, it is believed, for the river Itchen: 350 yards of single-bank fishing rights sold by James Harris & Son for £3,500, representing £6 12s. 6d. a yard."

Daily Telegraph

Wait for the evening rise.



"He was all right when we started."

## Shanty

"... the vessel made an all-time record turnaround... and, as a result, only about half her cargo could be discharged." Shippers' explanation of non-arrival of goods, quoted in a letter to "The Times"

SOLO (very slow and mournful)

I 'LL sing you a song of New York haaaaarbour  
I'll sing you a song of the export dri-yive.

CHORUS (very brisk indeed)

With a yo-heave-ho  
And away we go  
With the same old cargo lying down below.  
You can't clear the ship  
On a record trip  
So you just turn round  
And you're homeward bound  
With a yo-heave-ho!

SOLO (still more mournfully)

I'll sing you a song of Liverpool haaaaarbour  
I'll sing you a song of Selwyn Lloy-yud.

CHORUS (brisker than ever)

And we're off again  
On the ocean main.  
We'll soon be as fast as an airyoplane.  
Make no mistake  
The spirit of Drake  
Is still alive  
In the export drive  
With a yo-heave-ho!  
(Repeat until bankrupt)

— PETER DICKINSON



# THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR MADE EASY



One hundred years ago this April the Americans began their Civil War. It is, as anyone interested in education in Georgia will have noticed, still going on, and thus qualifies as a Hundred Years' War, a great event in the history of any nation. It is important that Englishmen should know enough to hold their own in conversation with any celebrating Americans they happen to meet



## KEY TO MAP

- (1) **Abraham Lincoln.** President of the U.S.A. Honest, but prepared to fool some of the people some of the time.
- (2) **Ulysses S. Grant.** Set a fashion for successful generals becoming Republican Presidents. Took a short time between drinks.
- (3) **William Tecumseh Sherman.** Found the Lost City of Atlanta and then marched through Ga.
- (4) **Zouave and Scottish regiments** in Union Army, privately raised at start of war and equipped by theatrical costumiers. The Zouave influence on orthodox uniform trousers was persistent.
- (5) **Gettysburg.** Scene of bloody battle and speech of model brevity by Lincoln.
- (6) **Matthew Brady,** photographer, getting near, but not too near, the War.
- (7) Here Privates **S. Crane, A. Murphy** and **J. Huston** won the Red Badge for courage.
- (8) The "**General**"—locomotive stolen by Union spy James Andrews, but recovered by Rebel Buster Keaton.
- (9) **Sherman's march to the sea.** Troops sang same song whole way, sparking Sherman's outburst "War is . . . all hell."
- (10) **Grant** biting other Union generals at Lincoln's suggestion.
- (11) **New Orleans.** Captured for the North by an admiral with the winning name of David Glasgow Farragut, of Spanish origin.
- (12) **Southern belle** waiting to become literature.
- (13) The "**Trent Affair.**" Two Confederate commissioners abducted from British mailboat by U.S. Navy. Nearly brought Britain into war. Early example of brinkmanship.
- (14) **Fort Sumter.** Opening shots of war occurred here, before credit titles.
- (15) **T. J. Jackson.** Southern General. "Stonewall." "Old Hickory." A hard man.
- (16) **Nathan Bedford Forrest.** Southern Cavalry commander. Said "I get there fustest with mostest," an inspiration to hostesses.
- (17) **Robert E. Lee.** Southern General. Being on the losing side only had a small tank named after him (cf. Sherman, Grant) but was compensated with a Mississippi steamboat.
- (18) **President Jefferson Davis.** Southern politician not elected for second term.



President Lincoln crossing the Potomac

We cannot hope to cover all the complexities of the war in so brief a survey. (It was, for instance, fought between North, South, Democrats, Republicans, Confederates, Federals—both called “Feds”—Secessionists, Abolitionists, Johnny Rebs, Damn Yankees and the Army of the Potomac.) Instead we propose to provide the reader with a detailed historical reconstruction of a single day on which several interesting things were happening, in the hope that he will be stimulated to find out more for himself.

YOU are standing, on a fine morning in 1863, in the Shenandoah Valley, whistling some tune you can’t get out of your head. All around you spreads the majestic panorama of the U.S.A., though at the moment they are not very U. Far to the north a curious object breaks the skyline; it is **President Lincoln’s** stovepipe hat; he has come to Gettysburg to make an address; he thinks it will be a good one; take about three-and-a-half hours; he hopes **Mr. Everett**, just now rising to introduce him, will make it snappy.

Your attention is distracted. Down the road towards you is marching an army; they are singing a rousing song full of geography:

“Bring the good old bugle boys  
Across the wide Missouri.  
We’ve captured Harper’s Ferry and  
Mine eyes have seen the glory.  
So we’ll march, march, march against  
the foe  
Down the Mississippi to the gulf of  
Mexico.”

They start in on the chorus for the eleven thousand and eightieth time since they left **Atlanta**. The general at their head winces. He wishes they would start looting again. At least it keeps them quiet. **General Sherman** has a sensitive ear.

Further off there is a dull boom. It is the last shot being fired at **Fort Sumter**. For thirty-six days a storm of shot and shell has rained on the fort, but not a man has been hurt, not even a goat. The officer in charge of the bombardment is worried. He knows he is in disgrace. Perhaps he will be dismissed the service. Suddenly he cheers up. If he is dismissed he can go home. He likes it at **Cape Canaveral**.

Nearby in the town of **Frederick** **Barbara Frietchie** is doing her washing. The town seems very quiet. She wonders where everyone has gone, but it looks like a good drying-day. She goes and

hangs the old flag out of the window. It had got very dirty.

Nearer still an old Indian is sitting. He is waiting for the third battle of **Bull Run**. The first two (like all other battles in this war) were draws, but he hopes the next one will decide the series. He is going to wait a long time. His name is **Sitting Bull**. Suddenly, over the horizon, wheels a squadron of cavalry, magnificent in a swirl of dust. They would look just fine on a wide screen, galloping down to bring the war to a happy conclusion. Unfortunately there are cavalry on the other side too. Stalemate.

**Sherman’s** army is still marching past. This appears to be a **Pioneer Company**; they look restive, and only one of them is singing. His name is **Walt Whitman**. Himself he is singing.

Far to the north the stovepipe hat is leaning forward. **Mr. Everett** has now been speaking for an hour and three-quarters; **President Lincoln** realizes that he will have to shorten his address; he bends forward and starts to cross out.

Away to the East there is a faint clink; the **Governor of North Carolina** is having a drink with the **Governor of South Carolina**. **General Grant** is also drinking. He pulls out a map and glances at it. Yes, **Lee** is well to the north, thrusting north, and he (Grant) well to the south, thrusting south. No wonder the war is taking so long; they will never meet at this rate. Morosely he peers westwards out of his tent. Thank heavens the West is still too wild to have anything to do with this.

Along the road towards you comes an elegant journalist in the wake of **Sherman’s** army. It is **Russell of The Times**, correspondent to both armies. He finds this war very confusing. Where, he asks you, are **Yorktown** and **Ticonderoga**? What ever became of **John Paul Jones** and all that tea? Why isn’t **Paul Revere** riding? And what about **Bunkers Hill**? You tell

him to let **Burgoyne** be **Burgoyne**. He looks disheartened, but you cheer him up by introducing him to an old soldier who can remember the **Alamo**.

Far out at sea two ponderous shapes are steaming towards each other. They are called the **Monitor** and the **Merrimac**, the first ironclads, and somehow remind you that in a hundred years time the **Prime Minister** will have had an American ancestress. Far to the north the stovepipe has disappeared. **Mr. Everett** is nearing three hours, and **President Lincoln** is looking for a piece of paper on which to scribble the remnants of his oration. He thinks there may be an old envelope in the sweatband of his hat.

To the South a spirited southern belle is talking to a gentleman with a small white beard on a pillared portico. You cannot hear what they are saying because of the noise of the darkies singing and the dancing at **Charleston**, but they are probably fixing the details of the uniform of the **Ku-Klux-Klan** to while away the time until **Clark Gable** rides over for his mint julep. The singing sounds more spiritual than the dancing. Not far off **John Brown** is capturing the Post Office at **Harper’s Ferry**, unaware that this is an offence against the U.S. mails. He feels soulful, and decides to read *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* again when he gets home. In the middle distance **Lee** is learning to pronounce *Appomattox*; he finds it difficult to drawl. He decides to take lessons from that fellow **Booth**, who is so handy with *Hamlet*.

It is drawing towards dusk. The evening hush is broken by a wild burst of cheering from the North. **Mr. Everett** has finished his oration in five-and-a-half hours, and **Lincoln** his in three minutes flat. The crowd are cheering their heads off. They had never expected to get home for supper. **Lincoln** feels pleased. He thinks he might retire down here. He could lay out a pretty little golf course just over there, he thinks.





# Mediatrics

*Or the care of the Middle-aged*

By H. F. ELLIS

## 5. Bores—Importance of Early Recognition of the Complaint—Some Undesirable Speech Habits—The High Wycombe Clinic—

**B**OREISM or (as I prefer) borishness, though almost instantaneously detectable in another, is extremely difficult to recognize in oneself. Indeed, those who finally come to admit that they have contracted this widely prevalent disease of middle-age are usually led to do so by observing not its inward symptoms but its outward effects—the emptying room, the universality of pressing engagements in those approached. By then, of course, the complaint is far advanced and may be incurable.

The vital importance, for a balanced and well-adjusted middle life, of early recognition of the symptoms of borishness make it essential that every man on the threshold of E.M. II (at latest) should ask himself the following questions:

Does throat-clearing, a preliminary “er,” or any other indication of incipient utterance by another automatically trigger me off into speech?

Do I, assuming that the other man has got in first or talked me down, hitch myself about or make little stabbing movements at him with my forefinger throughout his address to show that it is now my turn?

Do I, when momentarily at a loss in mid-speech, draw out the final word of a sentence, or some meaningless opening conjunction (“And,” “But,” etc.) of the next sentence to avoid a pause of which someone else may take advantage?

When one of “my subjects” crops up in a conversation do I lean forward in my chair with my elbows on my knees, one fist pressed into an open palm, and an expression on my face that I have long ago learned to recognize and dread in others?

Or do I, in similar circumstances, throw myself back with folded arms and wait, shooting little amused glances from one speaker to another, until the moment is ripe to tap my pipe out and put them all right on the matter?

Do I never repeat, in different words, what the last speaker

has said, and round it off by appealing to him with a “Wouldn’t you say so?” or “Don’t you agree?”

Many friendless men to whom I have recommended this catechism protest that it is too severe. These, they say, are no more than the harmless foibles to which every man who likes a good talk and has something to say for himself is prone. A bore is in a different class altogether. You don’t have to analyse a man’s gestures and tricks of speech to find out whether he is a bore or not. A bore is non-stop, they tell me. He goes on and on. He buttonholes you and floods you out with reams of insignificant detail about things you don’t care a rap for in the first place. He has protuberant eyes and a rather loose, wet lower lip.

This attitude very well exemplifies one of the great dangers of middle age, which is the readiness to set up Aunt Sallies, grotesque caricatures of the failings of middle life, for the express purpose of comparing oneself favourably with them. It has been estimated that in the course of one week every man over fifty convinces himself afresh of the truth of at least two variants of the proposition

“At any rate, I am not so — as —”

where the first blank stands for any undesirable characteristic (e.g. “long-winded,” “portly,” “absent-minded”) and the second for the name of some acquaintance in whom that characteristic is exemplified to an almost criminal degree. Propositions in this form, even if true, prove nothing. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that freedom from some or all of the distinguishing traits of an out-and-out or stage bore is no guarantee whatever of complete immunity from borishness. Some of the worst bores in my case-book have been dry-lipped, with rather deep-set eyes. Long-windedness is by no means a *sine qua non*. On the contrary, a loquacious man will sometimes talk for ten or fifteen minutes on end before he becomes tedious, whereas an intermittent, staccato speaker may stiffen his audience in a couple of sentences. The only safe rule to remember is that *every middle-aged man is a potential bore* and will become so in actuality unless he repeats to himself *in time* the catechism recommended above.

### Addicts

Although prevention must always remain the primary aim of mediatricians working in this field, cures can be, and have been, effected of the disease (for such it is now recognized to





be) when taken in its early stages, and considerable strides in treatment have been made in recent months. My friend Dr. Alex Himbroff, Principal of the Mediatrix Clinic at High Wycombe, kindly contributes the following note:

"In our early days here the normal procedure with Class A\* bores was to attempt, in layman's language, to 'shame them out of it' by such rough-and-ready methods as playing back to them tape-recordings of their own conversation in the Common Room. We also made them repeat over and over in unison a selection of self-evident truths, specially chosen to suit the patients under treatment of the generalized form:

*My ailments are of no more interest to others than theirs are to me.*

*It is impossible to blow one's own trumpet without appearing to do so.*

*All deprecatory phrases used by men over forty are meaningless.†*  
And so on.

"These methods, needless to say, met with no success. Tape-recording sessions were usually talked through or, if listened to, were regarded by each individual patient as proof that he, and he alone, was ready for immediate discharge. The self-evident truths were not believed. It very soon became apparent that we were on the wrong tack. All attempts to stimulate a shame complex were abandoned, together with mass-suggestion, and an individual, more sympathetic approach was tried. This works, on the whole, very well. Patients are encouraged in their belief that their ailments, their views, their recollections of the 'twenties are more interesting than other people's, but are warned at the same time that *popular recognition of this fact cannot be expected*. It is explained that the generality of men over forty are aware, if only subconsciously, of the dullness of their own contributions, even if the subject of conversation be rheumatism or golf, that this makes them aggressive and inclined to try to conceal lack of quality by quantity or over-emphasis, and that the exceptional, gifted talker must treat his less fortunate fellows with sympathy and understanding, handle them as emotional invalids and, in short, let them finish their sentences. Patients subjected to this form of bore-washing often find it possible, in their first week at the Clinic, to listen to their fellow-sufferers for as much as a minute and a half without restlessness. They experience that 'inner glow' of kindly superiority which is perhaps the surest prophylactic against the itch to speak.

"Needless to add," Dr. Himbroff adds,‡ "every patient is warned not to discuss his treatment, which he believes to be peculiar to himself, with others at the Clinic. The risk of disillusionment, however slight among men in this age-group, must be guarded against."

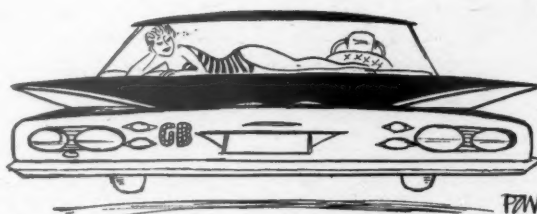
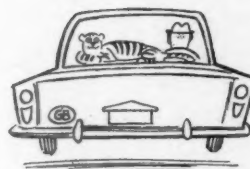
### The Dilemma

We have seen, in my last paper, that if the middle-aged man is not to become dangerously frustrated and even unbalanced he must find an outlet for the store of information,

\* i.e. non-chronic cases, many of them still socially acceptable.

† e.g. "This one may be very old . . .": "I may not be perfect, but . . ." "One doesn't want to be uncharitable . . ."

‡ Needlessly, I think.



advice and experience that he has accumulated in more than half a lifetime. To this end he was recommended to seek the company of his contemporaries. Yet it is now clear that in finding release he runs the even graver risk of degenerating into a bore and facing social ostracism. This is a serious dilemma which, once acknowledged, brings its own train of psychosomatic disturbances. The distressing head-noddings, tentative lip movements and finger-biting often noticeable in sensitive men of mature years spring from an inner conflict between the desire to speak and the fear of talking too much or to no effect. In extreme cases the power of speech, along with the power of listening, may be lost altogether. "I am so occupied," one sufferer wrote to me, "in debating with myself whether it is my turn to speak again, and if so what will be the best way of saying what I have to say, that by the time I am certain my turn has come I have often no idea what the conversation is about. So I remain silent."

Over-anxiety, in this as in so many other fields, is best dealt with indirectly, by widening and diversifying the interests. The patient must be made to feel that talking is not the only thing in life. He must, as we mediatrixians (and indeed pediatricians and geriatricians) say, be "taken out of himself." In my next paper I shall have something to say about hobbies and pursuits for the middle-aged.

Next week:

Relaxation in the Middle Years



*PUNCH*man on the Spot

## Week-end in Hong Kong

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

THE world of Suzie Wong is like the film only a little. The real thing is more fantastic—at once misleadingly more familiar and more exotically bizarre: to go there is to pass through the Portland façade of the stateliest bank in the City, straight into a gorgeous, melodramatic opium dream directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

Anyone whose life has assumed some of the debilitating characteristics of cold soot, overboiled cabbage and thick woollen underwear should, if possible, apply without delay to the nearest Royal Air Force recruiting office. If one's qualifications are all right, there's a chance, and it's a challenging gamble, that they'll post one in due course to Kai Tak, the military and civilian airport that serves Kowloon and Victoria, in the crown colony of Hong Kong. Because of a prior engagement I was unable to enlist in the R.A.F. this year; but I was able to do the next best thing (*buying* a ticket is the third best thing): in a spare seat aboard a British United

Airways Britannia chartered for Joint Service Air Trooping, I recently flew to Hong Kong for a long week-end.

One hundred and three of us, including servicemen in mufti and servicemen's wives and children, took off from Stansted, Essex, one midnight, paused at Istanbul and Bombay just long enough for some lemon squash and long-distance boasting by postcards, and landed at Kai Tak at mid-morning, local time, the second day.

Modern air trooping, in civilian comfort, is different from the vibrant aluminium rigours of R.A.F. Transport Command passenger facilities of old, and very different from the heat and boredom of troopships chugging through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea.

"This'll be better than Singers, eh?" suggested a friendly young Navy lieutenant in the next tip-back armchair. "Haven't been to Singers? Not much good now. Can't really trust the Malays. Honkers much better. Lots of fun and games. Jolly good shopping.

I'm joining a minesweeper. Just about all we've got out there now, mine-sweepers. Anti-smuggling patrol. Can't really stop it all, I suppose. Thousands of small junks moving about at night. But still. Good training for a job outside later on, eh?—I mean running some millionaire's yacht on the Riviera, or something like that."

Contact with the Navy was lost in a cheerful turmoil of Army and Air Force uniforms at the counters where credentials were being examined, money exchanged, luggage claimed. The impression of joining a garrison was evanescent; soon I was past the symbolic barriers of colonial authority, and suddenly almost all the faces around me were Chinese. I noticed one of them, pale brown, blankly impersonal, calm but alert, swivelling slowly, as inexorably vigilant as radar, tracking me to the official black Humber that was to take me to the mess. As I walked by him he withdrew from his pale blue plastic raincoat his hand, and in it there was a small piece of white paper, which he raised in a gentle but arresting gesture. Apparently he wanted to stop me, but I did not hesitate; he looked so ordinary and innocent that I naturally suspected extraordinary evil; I heard a faint echo of the scream from *Psycho*, and hurried after the flight lieutenant into the car. Looking back through the rear window I saw the Chinese turn his motor scooter from the kerb to come after us. Could he possibly know why I had come to Hong Kong? Surely he couldn't have recognized me? Was this an unfortunate case of mistaken identity? All Occidentals, of course, look alike.

Hitchcock would probably have enjoyed the setting, the small-scale grandeur of the abrupt green mountains, the blue sky and the blue harbour, the hillside terraces, the red blossoms of hibiscus, the purple of bougainvillaea, the gold of oleander, the pink-washed walls of the building enclosing the mess; and he would probably have enjoyed the gross incongruity of the food in that lovely place, like a sudden trombone blast through harp ripples, a plate of steak and kidney pudding. I did not linger over this anomaly, and I noticed on the way to the Hong Kong Tourist Association that I was still being followed by a Chinese in a blue raincoat on a motor scooter.

The Association office, a modern suite of rooms within the faded Victorian elegance of the Peninsula Hotel, was being managed at the moment by a Chinese whose native energy and charm were being expressed, significantly, in the dynamic, automatically jovial manner of an American Rotarian. The colony may still organize its social life, in principle at least, around Government House and the old clubs, but the hoteliers, restaurateurs and shopkeepers look increasingly fixedly to the United States for the most prodigal patrons. About 150,000 tourists visited Hong Kong last year (about five per cent of the local population), and of these the Americans were the most numerous and conspicuously the most valuable. It is hardly surprising that when the steam-driven pile-drivers finish their night-and-day thudding on the sites of hotels, and the bamboo scaffolding comes down from these top-priority projects of the present frenetic construction boom (investors expect to get their capital back easily within five years), many of the new buildings will be architecturally indistinguishable from the luxury hotels of Miami Beach. Some residents seem to be more concerned about the actual American invasion than about any hypothetical Communist Chinese invasion (now generally considered an unlikely extravagance), though people professionally interested in the big picture of Hong Kong were recently reminded of its intimate physical connection with China proper when somebody turned a tap and opened the pipeline that is expected to conduct 5,000 million gallons of water a year, a quarter of the colony's rapidly growing annual consumption, from the new Chinese reservoir at Shum Chun into the crown-leased New Territories above Kowloon. In spite of the statistics, however, so lavishly disseminated by the Government Information Services (Hong Kong has 499 miles of roads, 86,000 telephones, 85 banks, 7,200 police officers), the week-end visitor cannot really comprehend the big picture. All he retains of the colony is a series of snapshots, a series of scribbles in a diary.

This is the end of The Year of The Rat, according to a Tourist Association guide, Frenchie, an ex-Foreign Legionnaire from Saigon. Under this inauspicious sign China has had its worst natural disasters for fifty years, he said,

but Hong Kong is in fine shape. He doesn't care if he never gets back to his home near Orleans. Crossing by Star Ferry from Kowloon to Hong Kong (first-class fare: threepence), he gazed at the women in their slit-sided silken *cheung-sam* dresses as rapturously as though he had never seen them before. "The view never becomes boring," he said, dutifully pointing out buildings at the foot of the Peak, the Cable and Wireless office, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Bank of China (which tower awfully above the nearby cricket pavilion). The man in the blue raincoat missed our boat and I felt sure that we must have shaken him off.

The rickshaw boy—a boy of about forty-five, bare-legged, in sandals—

dog-trotted, pattering, along the waterfront to the Luk Kwok Hotel, known as the Suzie Wong hotel. The hotel is in a row of bars and shops that sell gaudy souvenirs and clothes to sailors ("Real No-Squeak Boots"; "Mandarin Candles—The Artistic Novelties of Our Handicraft Production Most Lately—On Special Occasion When These Candles Are Lighted It Would No Doubt Add Some More Happy & Delicate Atmosphere To A Social Party"; "Most Frozon Beer in Town—Steaks Overcookings"). "I know Suzie Wong," said a Luk Kwok hostess as though giving a reward for money for the juke box. "She pretty girl—me more pretty. My name Anna—Shanghai girl. Shanghai girl eat anything, no sick. Cantonese

## THEN, BY JINGO!

*Things have changed since Her Majesty's grandfather visited India for the Delhi Durbar.*



THE KING-EMPEROR

December 13, 1911





girl stupid country girl, wear red dress, green shoes, not pretty, always get sick. You want to see menu?" Anna indicated that she was resting between engagements; when the U.S. Navy was not in port there wasn't much to do but play mahjong.

Aberdeen for lunch. A sampan from the wharf of the congested fishing village to the Sea Palace, a stationary floating double-decker restaurant. Baked lobster, fried parrot fish, crab fu-yung. Back in the sampan. The woman manipulated the single oar in time to "Happy Hong Kong," No. 1 on the local hit parade, blaring from a tiny Japanese transistor set.

Watching the sunset from the yacht club at the end of a causeway into the harbour. Terrace decorated with a half-size reproduction of that most modest of municipal statues, the Copenhagen mermaid.

Correspondents' Club, on the Peak, overlooking harbour lights. Party. Robert Elegant, president of the club, though a master of the complex paradoxes of Chinese culture, tried and failed to explain why the star of the

floor show was an Australian cowboy whip-cracker whose only concession to geography was to wear a Chinese silk brocade weskit.

Peter Barnard, of Butterfield & Swire, took me commercially slumming to the China Products Company department store, which is supposed to be a showcase for the craftsmanship of the Chinese People's Republic. I eventually bought a *yee woo*, a sort of two-stringed violin with a wooden dragon's-head handle for about ten shillings. Not worth it, especially as I read a sign on the noticeboard of the Hong Kong Club shortly afterwards saying that no musical instrument should be played in the Club premises without the consent of the General Committee.

Man Mo Temple (18th Century?), in Hollywood Road in the Chinese market district, honours the Chinese gods that most fittingly represent the national schizophrenia that the Chinese share with the Japanese. *Man* presides over culture; *Mo* over war. The temple is full of incense sticks sweetly fuming in brass urns of red and golden dragons, and of the pink Buddhas of

happiness. I was tempted to buy a back-scratcher in the shape of a human hand, with mother-of-pearl inlay, but resisted for the sake of Happy Valley Race Course and the Blue Heaven night-club.

With a Chinese interpreter I entered the booth of an ancient Chinese fortune-teller. He examined my face and said "Your shape is wood." He added consolingly that the other types are earth, fire, goat and water. "Your ears are too thin for many brothers and sisters. Before the age of twelve you were liable to sickness. From twelve to twenty you had a steady student life, but from eighteen to twenty there were dangerous happenings. From twenty to twenty-four was ordinary. From twenty-five to thirty-five you did not save any money. It is better for you to get a woman ten years younger than you. From thirty-eight to fifty you will gain your reputation. You will live to an old age, more than seventy years. You should go abroad, far away. That is five dollars Hong Kong." As an extra favour, he recommended a Chinese gramophone record called "Tai Hoy Mon" (rough translation "Open The Door Wider"), which sounds like the torture of poultry in a rusty circular saw. I bought my copy of the record at an open stall that specialized also in dried squid, lacquered pigs' lights, and plastic costume jewellery. Hong Kong's economic resilience is due in part to diversity of trading interests.

Replete with Peking duck and rice wine, I had temporarily forgotten about the man in the blue raincoat, when I noticed, with a thrill of terror, that he was walking close behind me, and gaining, in the late Aw Boon Haw's Tiger Balm Garden. Mr. Aw, who was awarded the O.B.E. for his charitable works, made millions from Tiger Balm ("prepared free from animal fat"), an aromatic pink ointment advertised as a sure cure for scorpion bites, cramps, gout and the common cold, among other ailments—so many millions, in



"I wish the blessed hunt would meet somewhere else."



fact, that he felt he could spare HK\$16 million to give the public a garden decorated with fantastic painted stone figures.

I had just been reading a booklet explaining a colourful bas relief called "Ten Judges of Hell Court," which is not the sort of booklet that helps one to face the future with equanimity ("For he scorn the poor people and flatter of the rich people, so cut off his eyes"; "For they slew plenty domestic animals, so beaten by animals"; "For he told lies, so cut his tongue off"; "Guilty people turn into unhappy man or fish, animal"). I hurried down a stone stairway, past a pit full of gorgons and hippogriffs and other monsters. But I was alone and I didn't know my way, and, as I stumbled along the maze of tortuous passages, I knew that this time there was no escape. The final confrontation took place in surroundings that would have afforded Hitchcock the keenest delight—in a narrow cul de sac overlooked by a tableau of giant pink mice dressed as military bandmen.

"What good fortune that I see you," the Chinese said, once again producing a small piece of white paper. "There are not so many officer gentlemen now, and we do very special business with officers. I saw you go to Air Ministry car." Smiling a horribly normal smile, he came close to me where I stood paralyzed with my back to the wall, and he handed me the card. "Chan Lee Hok," it said; I'm pretty sure that was the name. "Most Excellent First-Class Tailor. The 24-Hour Tip-Top Manufacture of All Varieties. Formal, Sporting, Military." And the address.

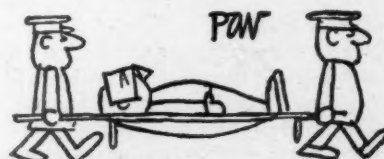


It wasn't until I was in a walla walla, sailing back to Kowloon to catch the Britannia for Gatwick, that it occurred to me that the whole text might be in code. For all I know he might have been an agent putting me in touch with people that know all about China's H-bomb. But I hesitate to approach the Ministry of Defence. It would be so embarrassing to have to admit that I threw away the card and that I'm not sure of the address.

☆

"LABOUR'S WAY TO SAVE CAR TRADE  
M.P.s Prepare 'Crash Programme.'"  
*The Times*

It's an idea.



"You've had quite enough  
for one commercial,  
Walter."



## We're not in the Book, Dear

By E. S. TURNER

IT'S not really *in* to be *out*. In other words, those telephone subscribers who keep their names out of the directory must not imagine that they enjoy something very *chic* in status symbols. Perhaps it was smart at one time to be ex-directory, but in the London area alone there are now some 20,000 persons luxuriating in their inaccessibility; and of these not more than one thousand, on an indulgent reckoning, are public figures. (The total of 20,000 is exceeded by the number of firms and institutions—hospitals, for instance—which find it desirable to have unlisted numbers in case their switchboards are overwhelmed by incoming calls.)

People with coronets and Garters are not in the least shy about giving their numbers. The Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, Sutherland, Wellington and Bedford are all in the London Directory;

so is Sir Winston Churchill (though he withholds his Chartwell number); so is Lord Mountbatten. Mr. Macmillan's home number is as easy to discover as that of Lord Attlee, or the Lord Chancellor, or the Chief of the Imperial General Staff or (praise be) the Postmaster-General. Mr. Charles Clore is so anxious to assist callers that he puts his name in black type.

Of course, if you ring up illustrious numbers you will hardly expect to hear illustrious voices at the other end; just as, if you ring Buckingham Palace (the entry is in small type) you are unlikely to hear the telephone answered by the Queen. In the main, it is the celebrities of the second flight, unable to maintain elaborate defences of butlers, valets and secretaries, who keep their numbers secret. Entertainers have deserted the directory in droves, leaving only a Ralph Richardson here and a Hermione

Gingold there as outposts in the desert of dentists and commissioners for oaths. It is not unknown for a stage star to use the name of a dresser or a relative; and there is nothing to stop anyone calling himself Smith or Robinson (which, for all one knows, is what is done by that phone-shy coterie of notables in Albany W.1).

It is good to know that Members of Parliament are more willing to be listed than they used to be, but if Mr. Gaitskill has a telephone he keeps it as secret as Field-Marshal Montgomery, Mr. Graham Greene and Mr. Richard Dimbleby keep theirs. Mr. Harold Wilson is in the book, being no more afraid of tiresome callers than are Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. Billy Wallace, Lord Boothby, Mr. Frank Cousins and Eamonn Andrews Ltd.

Celebrities apart, who are the 19,000 persons in London who find it necessary to suppress their numbers? They are not required to give their reasons in writing (and if they did the Post Office would not betray their confidences) so one must fall back on speculation. Almost certainly, a good proportion of them are persons who try to keep their telephones a secret from the boss, or who do not care to be rung on business at all hours of the night (public relations officers, union officials, chemists, and so on). A great many more, one suspects, are persons who regard the telephone directory as the burglars' handbook, since it gives addresses as well as the means of finding out whether anyone is at home.

Then there are globe-trotters who maintain a flat purely as a *pied-à-terre* and do not want their friends to waste time trying to ring them when they are in Peru. There may be a few subscribers who are trying to shake off creditors or women, and there may well be women who think a telephone number is something not to be advertised freely in an imperfect world. Also in the shy company are people who have earned headline notoriety (as by winning £100,000 for a penny); people who just hate the telephone anyway, though they don't mind using it occasionally to badger others; and conceivably people called Smellie who get tired of being rung up by callers asking: "Are you Smellie? . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

The Post Office tries to discourage



people from going ex-directory. Every new subscriber is given the choice of "in" or "out," and to many it seems a splendid idea to say "out" and thus frustrate insurance agents and dull acquaintances. But the subscriber who says "out" receives a letter from the Post Office which says: "Before we arrange for this, may I make sure that you know exactly what it would mean? We should only accept calls for you when the caller gave your number; we should not give your number to anyone on request; and we should refuse to accept calls when the caller gave your name only. There is, therefore, a chance that some of your important callers might be turned away, and you would not be getting the full benefit of the telephone service."

Often, this letter has the desired effect. The subscriber may have fancied that the Post Office would filter his calls for him, putting through Tom and Dick, but not Harry. He therefore decides that it would be better to take a chance on Harry (and even Gladys) rather than risk antagonizing Tom and Dick. If the Post Office's letter were accompanied by some heart-rending examples of subscribers who lost contracts, export or theatrical, through not being in the directory, it might be even more effective. Possibly a charge for keeping names out might flush the bashful from their coverts.

The Post Office's reason for discouraging people from opting out is that the system involves much extra work in exchanges and exasperates callers. Testy citizens refuse to believe the telephonist's assurance that the subscriber is not available ("But I know he'd speak to me" or "He told me yesterday to ring him" or "I had his number but I lost it"). Mr. Ernest Marples when Postmaster-General said that nothing made for more friction than the ex-directory system; and it must have been no light decision to remove his own name from the book.

If a caller protests that it is a matter of life and death that he should get through to an ex-directory number, the exchange may ask the subscriber whether he is willing to accept the call. If he says yes, the caller will be put through, but the number will not be divulged. When an unlisted number becomes public property, the Post Office will change it.

Until recently, the preface to the telephone directory said that, in certain instances, the names and addresses of much-demanded ex-directory subscribers would be published, "with a view to saving members of the public the trouble of fruitless enquiry." Such entries would be distinguished by a †; but anyone who sets out on safari through the directory to find a † had better take sandwiches with him, for he faces a long and almost certainly fruitless hunt. One eminently †-worthy entry would have been the Lost Property Office of London Transport, which is much sought by umbrella-losers. However, this system has now been abandoned.

Fleet Street has half a dozen ways of discovering ex-directory numbers, one or two of them ingenious. Sometimes an elusive number may be traced through a specialized reference book. Such works are less likely to be consulted by bat-witted citizens out for idle amusement. It is tolerably well known by now that the Post Office supplies ex-directory numbers to script-writers for use in television plays. The b.-w. c. who then attempts to dial the Strangler either gets no reply or (better still, if the script-writer uses the

fictitious VINTage exchange) finds himself connected to the talking clock and pays a fee for his folly.

Rather regrettably, Santa Claus is ex-directory. Callers who ask for him, in season, are put through, if they are willing to pay the charges, to the Hull network, where the old humbug gives recorded messages of goodwill.

History waits to be made by the first man to have his car telephone number excluded from the directory. This will be a difficult decision indeed. Who would wish to deny himself an entry like this:

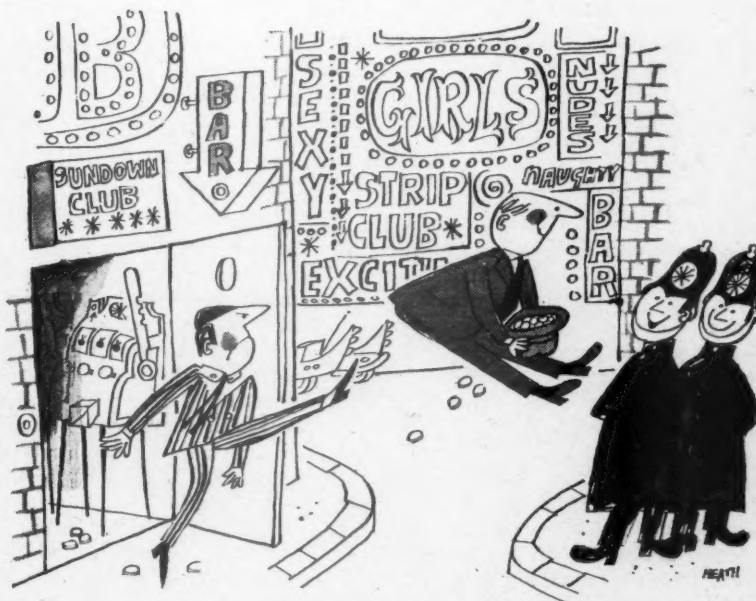
Fortune J. 12 High Street, Oxton  
Oxton 1200  
(Residence) The Cedars, Oxton  
Oxton 1234  
(Car)..... Oxton 1235

Surely that is worth the risk of receiving, even on the M1, one or two unsolicited calls from encyclopædia salesmen?

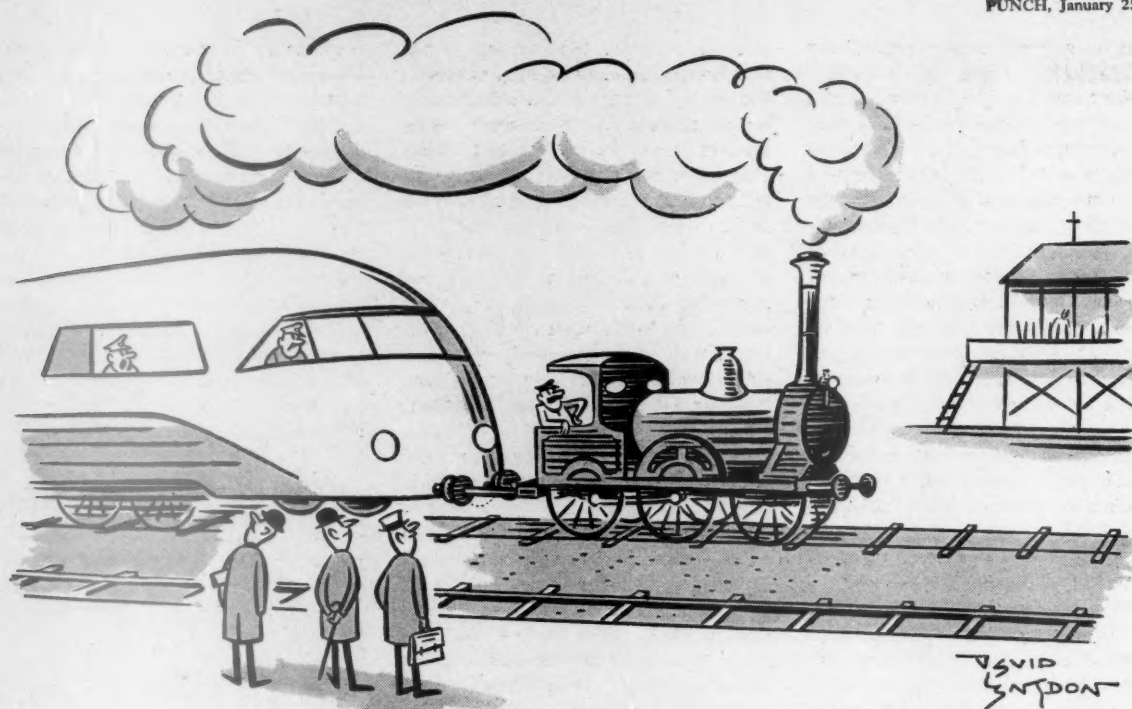
☆

"Part of the regular publicity job of the great champagne firms is to conduct parties round their impressive cellars; even Mr. Khrushchev included them in his tight French itinerary last spring..."—*The Times*

Explains a lot.



"I see somebody got the jackpot at last."



*"Trust them to show us up with their oldest engine whenever we break down."*

## The First Welsh Internationals

By CATHERINE DRINKWATER

THE main case against Cardiff as the capital of Wales is that we have the amenities but none of the hwyl. Threequarters of those bursts of patriotic fervour you see when Cardiff Arms Park's on the telly are simply laid on for the day. They're imported. All that emotion catches the last bus back to the valleys after the match and we're left, a city of hybrids where Italian is rapidly becoming a second language and there's at least one safe seat for any Sinn-Feiner who cares to chance his arm.

I certainly ought to feel at home in this milieu. For the past hundred years every Irishman who has fallen short of the fare to Liverpool or New York has made it to Cardiff. Marrying and intermarrying they've knitted a chain mail of green, white and gold that covers a quarter of the city; and if they happened to hook up a Welshman on their way they rearranged his culture patterns by sheer weight of numbers. My father,

an inoffensive man if ever, was absorbed in marriage by ten Murphys with a fine backwash of Donnelly's, Connollys and Regans. So I was born into a household containing as small a racial minority as can be achieved this side of statistics. The utmost hwyl I've known him muster has been while singing "Hail Glorious Saint Patrick" every 17th of March.

Having been brought up alongside this fourth degree of downtroddenness (my father in an enclave of Irish surrounded by dark-souled Welsh who are ruled from London by the unfeeling English—not that we see many of *them* down here) I can always find a dollop of compassion for any of the other races that people Cardiff to-day. When anyone asks, pitching his voice to a rising note of indignation, what the Indians in our midst have contributed to the stream of Cymric culture apart from some sharp lessons in the art of unobtrusive property accumulation, I have an answer. There is the anaesthetizing

whiff of their scent in passing, and the knowledge that the most delicate gold-threaded sari and the daintiest of nose rings may be worn above peacock-blue baratheia trousers and men's size eight brown brogues. I have to admit that they are still a race apart, seen only in the hygienic light of the launderettes spin-drying their turbans and filling machine after machine from suitcases of saris.

But, as I say, they are new. Perhaps they will meet us half way like the Greeks and Italians—and what more fascinating sound than an Italian speaking English with a strong Welsh accent? Or perhaps, and I shift my ground unobtrusively, they will emulate the Arabs and absorb Welsh culture like water on a Wellington boot.

Once I am on to the Arabs I have won the argument, by my rules anyway. I know them well because when I was at college I had a working arrangement with our insurance agent; he was







## In the City



### Mighty Dollar Still

THE Eisenhower Administration left some odd parting gifts to its successor. Its last budget message spoke of the need for retrenchment at the moment when the total of the unemployed in the United States had just topped the 4½ million mark and when the Kennedy economists are understandably "rarin' to go pump priming." The strangest of these last-minute initiatives by the dying administration was the order to American citizens to stop buying and holding gold abroad and to bring back any gold so held to the United States by next June.

This is the big stick; but on closer inspection it may turn out to be brittle and also—if this is not pushing the metaphor too far—to turn into a boomerang. There is some logic in the American decision. The gold reserve has been falling and is now at its lowest level for more than 21 years. Some of the recent loss of gold has been due to the action of American citizens turning their dollars into gold or gold certificates in such markets as London, Toronto and Zurich. Since 1933 the American citizen has been forbidden to hold gold, except collectors' pieces, in the United States. Why then allow him to hoard abroad and so undermine his own currency?

There is, however, a great deal more to it than the cold logic of this reasoning. First, the big stick is brittle because the means to enforce the order are not ready to hand. There is no exchange control in the U.S. The order, therefore, is more in the nature of moral exhortation. It will in some measure at least be heeded—as is shown by the immediate fall in the gold price which followed this news.

This initiative must, however, be judged in a much wider setting than that of the relation between the U.S. Government and its own citizens. The largest converters of dollars into gold have been, not their citizens, but foreigners who at the latest count still held between them more than \$17½ billion in bank balances and short term dollar assets, or more than enough to wipe out the whole of the U.S. gold reserve. Nevertheless, the dollar is still a mighty currency. Would that sterling had behind it the same balance of

payments surplus and the relative strength of reserves.

The immediate reaction of the security markets to this move has been to cause some buying of gold shares. This is on the reasoning that the American move is probably one of many that will take us inexorably nearer the moment when the price of gold is written up in terms not only of the dollar but of all currencies.

Some American investors have followed the shorter run argument that if they are not allowed to hold gold, the next best thing is to hold gold shares, against which there is no prohibition.



## In the Country



### Tricks with the Tit

NO one now seems to know who taught tits to attack milk bottles. Some say that one slick tit discovered the trick and that the others are learning fast by imitation. I've just heard that ornithologists have turned up the surprising information that tits were at it—not with milk bottles, of course, but with paper—in 1673. The milk-bottle specialists, newcomers to the game, are fast spreading from district to district. Lately they reached deepest Surrey.

I went out on the back step one morning and found the gold top of the Jersey bottle shredded as if a small shell had struck it. Our tits may be slow starters, but they catch on fast. Two mornings later they'd given the treatment to a red top. Next day I surprised a coal tit at work on a blue seal. He was busy at that compulsive bobbing and dipping common to tits when they're feeding. I caught him in mid-dip, and, for a second, I thought he was going to fall in. Next week they hit the gold top three days in a row.

Now this intrigued me. What set them pecking? Here, surely, was a chance for some original work in the field.

I started by substituting three gold seals for the red tops of the ordinary thirty-under-proof stuff. Within half an hour a great tit arrived and did the lot with the studious efficiency of a

In the galaxy of gold shares available to the investor none are safer than the shares of the large finance houses, all of which are shrewdly managed and have spread their eggs in many baskets. Among these let me mention Anglo American which yield 5½ per cent, Goldfields where the return is a lush 7½ per cent, Union Corporation which returns 5½ per cent; and for the more adventurous still, Johannesburg Consolidated where a 9 per cent yield is more than twice covered by earnings.

For those who are prepared to disregard the political risks in South Africa, now far less threatening than they appeared a year or so ago, there is the Standard Bank of South Africa, a first-class institution, on whose shares a yield of 7½ per cent can be secured. This bank celebrates its centenary next year. A certain amount of "lolly" is usually distributed on such occasions.

— LOMBARD LANE

Stakanovite riveter. He didn't touch the milk. Plainly it was the colour of the top that mattered.

Next morning I put three red tops on bottles of the real hard stuff. A great tit riddled two of the tops in ten minutes flat and drank out of one bottle.

The third experiment was pretty cunning. Into the neck of a bottle of Jersey I insinuated a plain white cardboard disc. On an empty milk bottle I placed a gold seal. That ought to show them. Instead the tits showed me. They regarded the whole set-up as a ludicrous practical joke and stayed away.

Phase four was more conclusive. On three successive days I offered them the full cream stuff at levels which started at the half-way mark and rose to within a tit's reach of the top.

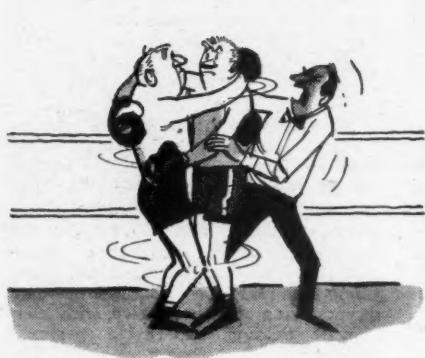
A rather Ted-looking blue tit had now taken over. Only when the milk rose to within feeding distance did he start work.

But I had them in the end. After a good deal of blending I produced a cream paint that was the exact off-yellow shade of Grade A. Feeling a bit of a heel, I painted the outside of an empty bottle with this and put it out with a gold top on it. On the third day a rather depressed coal tit fell for it.

What does all this prove? That tits don't necessarily know a good thing when they see it? — COLIN WILLOCK

# COMMENTARY BY . . .

The popularity of TV is such that people are in danger of missing the penetrating imagery of the sound radio commentator



"Their styles seem to cancel out . . ."



"They should be off any minute now . . ."



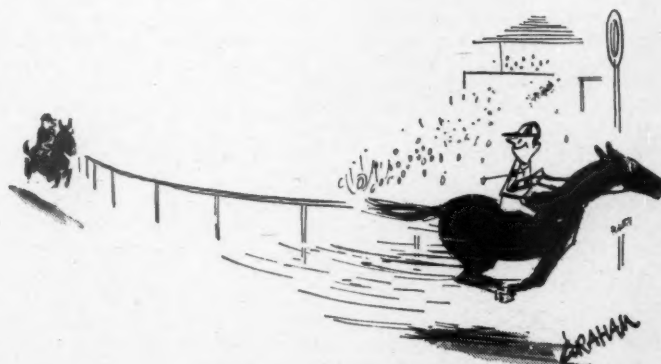
"There's a bit of a discussion going on out there in the middle . . ."



". . . and the crowd, cheerful despite the weather, thoroughly enjoying every minute of it . . ."



"Yes, he's all right again."



". . . closely pressed by Happy Rascal . . ."



### AT THE PLAY

Three (ARTS)  
*The Bargain* (ST. MARTIN'S)

A TRIPLE bill of one-act plays by John Mortimer, N. F. Simpson and Harold Pinter raised great hopes; not every night are we offered three slices of *avant-garde* cake by master confectioners. But in the event it was rather disappointing.

Mr. Mortimer came out best, with *Lunch Hour*, in which a businessman brings an office girl to a seedy bedroom in a Kings Cross hotel. When the manageress bustles in, the girl finds the man has told a complicated cover story of wanting to meet his wife for an urgent talk, she having come from Scarborough for the day and only being able to park their three children for a short time with a bitchy aunt in Hampstead. The girl accepts this story as true, and is suddenly incensed at the discomforts of the journey she is supposed to have taken;

when she finds the imaginary aunt had so disapproved of the marriage that she had refused to come to the wedding she boils over. Time presses. The clock ticks out the precious hour, but passion has dissolved in hopeless misunderstanding, from which the girl dimly grasps that the sort of man who would cook up such a story is not the romantic hero she had imagined him. Mr. Mortimer works this simple ploy with the greatest dexterity, and makes it extremely amusing. Emyln Williams in a mousy wig skillfully deflates the businessman, Wendy Craig plays the zany girl very naturally, and Alison Leggatt is good as the manageress.

Mr. Simpson's *non sequitur* humour succeeds for a time in *The Form*, but this goes on too long. An eager young man comes to an office to fill up a form, and after instruction from a pompous official learns that the answers must never be allowed to be dominated by the questions, but vice versa; and so he ends

as an equally important official himself. Some of the dialogue is splendid, but there are large gaps in the story which Mr. Simpson doesn't trouble to explain. Donald McWhinnie, the producer, has chosen to make Mr. Williams as the first official a burlesque cockney character instead of deadpan; Richard Briers as the young man and Miss Craig as a moronic receptionist are more effective, with Miss Leggatt fielding slip as a personal secretary.

Mr. Pinter's contribution, *A Slight Ache*, is an exercise in wilful obscurity. An improbable writer living comfortably in the country becomes perturbed by the continued presence of an old match-seller doing no business at his back gate. He invites him to his study, where the tramp, who never speaks, acts as a reflector for extended monologue. The writer, self-possessed and conceited, is gradually beaten down by the other's silence; his wife, up to this a normal woman, conceives a sudden passion for the old man, and finally takes him away to bath and nurse him, leaving her husband a broken wreck holding the tray of matches. In this piece Mr. Pinter doesn't attempt to amuse; the Arts' audience, as bright as any, scarcely laughed, but seemed gripped in search for some kind of clue. I felt this tension, too, for a short time; after that I was increasingly irritated by an author who appeared to be playing a private game at our expense. Those who go to the theatre to be puzzled may like it better. Mr. Williams and Miss Leggatt managed to play the game with conviction, as if it made sense.

It is a long time since Alistair Sim has been so well served in a comic part as he is in *The Bargain*, by Michael Gilbert (author of *A Clean Kill*). This comedy-thriller is light entertainment out of the top drawer; as good, I think, as *Not in the Book*, and in the same line of country.

Usually it is a mistake for an actor to produce a play in which he is taking part himself, but for once things seem to have worked the other way. Mr. Sim has arranged the most delicate, hair's-breadth bits of business for himself that must have been endlessly rehearsed they come off so smoothly. He is the senior partner in a famous firm of solicitors—I can safely tell you that. I can go farther and say he collects



Mr. Chacterson—EMLYN WILLIAMS

(Three



miniatures and is of a hopelessly trusting nature, and is the victim of a bold attempt at blackmail. But there I must stop. If you want to know why Mr. Sim is forced to retreat from his most cherished principles, and how much pain and grief this costs him, and with what wriggles and squirmings and optical contortions he interprets his moral agony, you must go and see *The Bargain* for yourself, which I strongly advise you to do if you want a funny evening that in no way taxes the intellect.

I had forgotten the comic possibilities of Mr. Sim's face, but fortunately he had not. Nor had Mr. Gilbert, who must have designed this piece with them always in mind. It is very neatly and shrewdly written, with a lot of minute observation of the little things that bulk large in the human condition. And although Mr. Sim is on the stage nearly all the time, there is room as well for other good portraits: for Allan Jeayes's memorable sketch of an old clerk, for Helen Christie and Janet Brown as secretaries of the old and new schools, for Peter Copley as a junior partner who carries the can for his firm, and for George Cole as a wide boy who knows all the answers. In Mr. Sim's production all the juice is squeezed delightfully out of each of these parts.

You may ask why Mr. Sim as a seasoned solicitor is such a fallible judge of character, and why a gangster well known to the police should sit filing his nails in an open Packard outside the very office on which he has designs, but this is the kind of unprofitable speculation that gets one nowhere.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*A Man for All Seasons* (Globe—13/7/60), Scofield as Sir Thomas More.  
*Chin - Chin* (Wyndham's—9/11/60), original play from Paris. *The Crazy Gang* (Victoria Palace—4/1/61), undiluted.

—ERIC KEOWN

#### REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Sheffield, *As You Like It*, until February 5.  
Bromley Rep, *Blithe Spirit*, until January 28.  
Castle, Farnham, *The First Time I Saw Paris*, until January 28.  
Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *A Taste of Honey*, until January 28.

#### AT THE PICTURES

##### *The Sundowners*

##### *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*

IT'S hard to decide whether the magnificent visual quality of *The Sundowners* (Director: Fred Zinnemann) is its main strength, or its main weakness. There is no question about the value of a great deal of what we see, because it is not only beautiful but relevant; but there is also in my view

quite a bit too much of beautiful or simply odd irrelevance, so that the story of the film sometimes appears to be half smothered in pictures of the animals and birds and scenery of Australia included for no more than their curiosity value, as if in a travelogue. It is justifiable, for instance, to show a considerable amount of spectacular activity with and among and by huge herds of sheep (there are some wonderful distance shots of a tremendous herd sliding like beer-froth over the green landscape), because sheep are in one way or another the chief concern of most of the characters. It is even justifiable to include a brief episode involving a dingo, to explain to non-Australians why a dingo is so bitterly hated—because when the central figure, Paddy Carmody (Robert Mitchum), is later called a dingo we have to be aware what an intolerable insult it is. But there are a great number of shots—admittedly brief, but they mount up—that seem to have been slipped in merely to make people laugh or comment on their oddity or charm. They are amusing or charming, but they belong in a Disney nature film, not in a story.

It's a simple story (script by Isobel Lennart from Jon Cleary's novel) with some pretty familiar ingredients. For instance the richly picturesque character played by Peter Ustinov is a version of a type-figure that has been used to decorate many popular stories ever since Dickens, and putting him in Australia and having him played by Mr. Ustinov doesn't make him more than a highly coloured piece of cardboard that one can, or thinks one can, recognize as a deliberately bizarre assemblage of characteristics. The basic situation of the temperamentally footloose wanderer with a wife who wants to settle down is not exactly new either. But within their limits these characters and their story succeed. Deborah Kerr as the wistful but loyal wife, Robert Mitchum as the easy-going drover and Michael Anderson Jr. as their 14-year-old son hold our interest and sympathy and give what is really a succession of episodes the feeling of a developing narrative. There is even a comparatively unexpected ending.

But I think it's undeniable that what is most impressive about the whole film is Jack Hildyard's Technicolor photography. Apart from the extraordinary range and beauty of many of the exteriors, there is great visual pleasure to be got from some of the most limited interior scenes—notably those in the wanderers' dimly lit tent at night.

Titles like *The Wackiest Ship in the Army* (Director: Richard Murphy) make my heart sink, but the film made it rise again: this comedy surprised me by offering much to enjoy. It is a war film, apparently with some basis in fact, about what happens when Lieutenant Crandall (Jack Lemmon), because he knows about sailing, is given the job of taking an old sailing ship through dangerous waters to



*The Sundowners*  
Paddy Carmody—ROBERT MITCHUM  
Venneker—PETER USTINOV

an enemy-held Pacific island, and provided with a crew none of whom knows anything about sailing at all. Most of the fun is very simple stuff concerned with ignorance getting things wrong, but the direction—and the script, which is by the director—make it remarkably effective. Even moments that are essentially slapstick are handled with a skill that avoids both crudity and corn, and the laugh comes without fail even when one sees it coming. (Without fail too, of course, when the expected cliché is just averted, as when a man in the path of the swinging boom casually bends down, quite unaware of its passage over his horizontal back.) I usually dislike films that mix the conventions of comedy with a hint of the realities of war; but the comedy here is so little exaggerated, and Jack Lemmon himself is so good as the harassed young commander, that the whole thing is acceptably credible as well as amusing... except for the rather contrived climax.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Une Vie* is pictorially lovely, full of the most fascinating reminders of all the nineteenth-century French impressionists, particularly Seurat and Monet; but Maupassant's story itself, simplified and compressed and telescoped as it is

(with a great deal of narration), suggests a melodramatic novelette of the same period. *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60), *L'Aventura* (7/12/60), *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60), *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60) and *Les Tricheurs* (18/1/61) lead the London field—and don't forget that both *La Dolce Vita* and *Les Tricheurs* will go outside London in dubbed versions. Also recommended: *Love and the Frenchwoman* (4/1/61) and—up to a point—*Never on Sunday* (30/11/60).

... Which (92 mins.) is also among the releases. The only other one noticed here is *The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's* (4/1/61—94 mins.), in which I detected signs of barrel-scraping, though this won't bother the numerous people who'll begin to laugh as soon as they get in the queue outside.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE OPERA

*Orpheus* (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

Muddled gender is one of those weaknesses of the operatic medium which occasion ribaldry or bewildered shrugs among those who do not care for opera and quite a number of those who do. Orpheus, that widowed and grieving male, is sung as usual by a woman, in this case Miss Norma Procter, a richly voiced young contralto.

After two centuries, Gluck's score has great power and nobility and contains surprisingly little dead wood. At Covent Garden it is performed with notable textural beauty on the choral and orchestral levels. But throughout the first night the basic casting anomaly nagged and nibbled at my musical pleasures. To have Orpheus sung by a woman, I kept telling myself, is plain daft. It was not Gluck's own notion, to be sure. His first Orpheus (1762) was the eunuch Guadagni, chosen, one supposes, because the eerie and sexless quality of *castrato* tone befitted a demigod who roamed the Elysian Fields and could tame lions with his lute. When Guadagni sang the great lament, *Che farò*, his listeners must have reflected that Euridice was not the only treasure he had lost. It was with the passing of the *castrati* that (on the initiative of Hector Berlioz) Orpheus was handed over to the ladies. Gluck himself had anticipated the problem by rewriting the part for tenor, but his solution has been snubbed by posterity.

Miss Procter struggled gamely with this historic anomaly but has had too little stage experience to make much of it dramatically. Although opulent throughout most of her range, she often hit a sourish layer at the top of it. Elsie



Feyn

Morison sang Euridice appealingly, Jeannette Sinclair the Blessed Spirit gaily and Jennifer Eddy the Cupid part with clarity and touches of questionable intonation. Louis de Froment conducted with urgency and more than once had his orchestra fractionally ahead of his singers. The scenery consisted in the main of flights of steps leading nowhere—an evasion rather than an affirmation of the designer's art. Even if they had been impressive in their own right, which they certainly weren't, the endless ballet dances in the under and upper worlds would have been killed stone dead by their environment. — CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

### How Old is a Child?

THE baffling thing about Children's Hour on steam radio is its variability—of content, approach, quality and presumed audience. What on earth, to take a simple example, is Miss J. R., aged 18½, doing listening to a new answer-your-problems programme, *Q. and A.*, on Mondays? Or at any rate asking a question on it? I'd have thought that (a) she was about four years outside the upper limit of the normal Children's Hour audience, and (b) she wouldn't be able to listen anyway as she works in an office (her problem was should her parents let her share a flat with other girls in London now that she's got a job?). Similarly, in the same evening, is a quarter of an hour of traditional jazz in place in Children's Hour?

I only know at all well one child who is a jazz-addict, and judging by him a quarter of an hour is far too little to be the slightest use. I'd have thought that the place for both these programmes, and a lot of others that at the moment make Children's Hour such a hotch-potch, was a new daily programme, later in the evening, on the Light, with "Teen" in its name.

That would still leave Children's Hour proper plenty of problems. Most obvious is the competition from TV, and the excellence of most of the programmes for children on the screen. It is absurd to pretend that steam radio could ever do anything as enjoyable as the Huckleberry Hound cartoons in the same field. There are, I know, homes where the children are so deprived as not to have a TV to watch (or not to be allowed to watch it), but that does not mean that radio has a duty to provide them with something of the same sort, but much worse.

I am thinking of programmes like *The Clitheroe Kid*, who competes every Saturday afternoon with *The Lone Ranger* and *Robin Hood* for the ears of the young. This sprightly little oaf works a barren area of humour that lies between the dingier comics and a Light Programme cross-talk act. I hope, despairingly, the shrill blasts of childish mirth that follow remarks like "A funny thing happened to me on my way to the kindergarten" are canned laughter.

I am not asking for more "educational" programmes. Children are fundamentally learning machines, but I'd have thought they got about as much information as they can take on Children's Hour already, mostly tidily done and without condescension, though aimed, I would guess, more at boys than girls. The things that the radio does well, better often than TV, are serial adventure stories, about ponies, Martians, witches, spies, smugglers or what have you. The new serial of Masfield's *The Midnight Folk* is a good example. The book itself is one of great complexity, with stories inside stories inside stories and two levels of reality to boot, but the serial so far has managed to make all clear and keep things moving along with a crackle of magic. A special commendation for Stephen Jack as Mr. Rollicum Bitem, easily the most credible fox in fiction, a real dangerous ally.

Finally there is *Junior Time*, which keeps up a reasonable standard. It is easier for them, because at least they know who their audience is. Simple stories come over very well, usually in cosy, unrefined northern accents. My daughters listen with total absorption and join in all the songs. Of course there are lapses; Monday is again a bad day, with *Trouble in t'Store*, a comic programme of bewildering inanity. But on the whole it is good enough to deserve slightly more time, which might be gained by shifting the teenagers off to their own hour. As any parent knows, it's the under-eights who really need keeping quiet between five o'clock and bed-time.

— PETER DICKINSON

### "H. B."

Over these initials, Hilton Brown contributed to *Punch* a great number of elegant verses and some prose articles between 1912 and 1955. We regretfully record his death at the age of seventy.

**PUNCH EXHIBITION**  
"Punch in the Theatre." Library  
Theatre, Manchester, for one month  
from January 26.



# BOOKING OFFICE

## MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Ten Rillington Place. Ludovic Kennedy.  
Gollancz, 21/-

EVANS was declared to be guilty by the jury on the ground that Christie was a reliable witness. He was declared to be guilty by Mr. Scott Henderson on the ground that Christie was an unreliable witness. If Evans murdered his wife and child then in one small house there were two necrophilist stranglers, both killing in exactly the same way, each operating in ignorance of the other's habits. By a complete fluke Evans unjustly accused of the crime of murdering his wife the one man in England who made a habit of murdering women in precisely that way. It is hardly to be believed. But the horror of the story is of course that Evans's wife and baby must have been killed either by Evans or by Christie. At the time of the trial there was Evans's confession and there appeared no possible motive why Christie should wish to murder. Therefore, whatever the incidental faults of judge, prosecuting counsel or police, it is not surprising, as Mr. Kennedy freely admits, that they and the jury thought it overwhelmingly more probable that Evans was the murderer.

Once it was discovered that Christie, far from being the sober, good citizen that he appeared, was a man who made a habit of necrophilistic strangling, the probabilities were utterly changed. Far from having no motive for murder it was then apparent that Christie had the strongest of motives.

Yet this argument, powerful and disturbing as it is, is one with which we were already familiar before Mr. Kennedy's book. Mr. Kennedy's most important new discovery is that Dr. Teare, the Home Office pathologist, suggested, before Evans's trial, to Mr. Freeborough, his solicitor, the possibility that there may have been sexual penetration of Beryl after her death. Mr. Freeborough did not include this suggestion in his instructions to the defending barrister on the ground that it was both disgusting and also irrelevant, since there was

at that time no reason to connect either Evans or Christie with the vice of necrophily. When it was later discovered that Christie was an addict of this vice the suggestion became one of the utmost importance. Could it have been established that Beryl had been so penetrated, the probability that Christie was the murderer was overwhelming.

Yet at his inquiry Mr. Scott Henderson did not refer to it nor ask Dr. Teare about it. This is but one example of the appalling carelessness with which Mr. Scott Henderson did his work, and it is against him that Mr. Kennedy directs his main bombardment. Mr. Scott Henderson alleged that in his confession Evans referred to details of the murders of which he could not have known had he not been guilty of them. This, if it could be substantiated, would obviously prove Evans's guilt, but Mr. Kennedy convincingly shows that all these details were in fact details of which the police had told him.

Evans's confessions do constitute a formidable difficulty, nor is it quite as impossible as Mr. Kennedy asserts to

think of a reason why he might have wished to kill his child. Now that we know of Christie's habits it is hardly possible to believe that he did not have something to do with the killing of the wife, and, since the bodies of wife and child were stacked together, whoever had something to do with the killing of one also had something to do with the killing of the other. It is perhaps just possible—though there is no evidence of it—that Christie used a sadistic power over Evans to force Evans to do the actual deeds. We shall never know the exact truth. All that we can say with absolute certainty is that the report of the official inquiry, which concludes, "there can be no doubt about the responsibility of Evans for the death of his wife and child," is untrue.

### NEW FICTION

**A Burnt-Out Case.** Graham Greene.  
Heinemann, 16/-

**The Man on the Spike.** Michael Barrett.  
Michael Joseph, 13/6

**Artists' Quarter.** Stephen Longstreet.  
Hammond Hammond, 18/-

**West Indian Stories.** Edited by Andrew Salkey. Faber, 16/-

As nearly always with the later work of Graham Greene, his new novel makes one wonder how his writings are viewed by the Vatican. It is not so much that his lapsed Roman Catholics are men of exemplary integrity as that his characters who stick by the rules are figures of fun and a nuisance to all.

With *A Burnt-Out Case* he is back in Africa, in the Belgian Congo, at a leper colony run by Roman Catholic priests, where an Englishman arrives, cagy about his origins. The colony is like the Foreign Legion. No questions are asked, but the man's great fame as an architect leaks through. He is a refugee from success, which has killed his spirit and his faith; all he seeks is peace in anonymity. The doctor-in-charge, a selfless atheist, understands his case and persuades him to plan the new hospital. Just as this therapy is beginning to work a cynical journalist of the worst sort gets on his track and writes up his story for the world. The architect becomes the innocent victim of a local scandal, and it kills him. His fatigue with the triviality of fame is mistaken by the more earnest brethren for humility, a good satirical point. The discussion of the differing interpretations of faith will be familiar to Mr. Greene's readers. He breaks no new ground in this novel, but its understanding of the human dilemma is acute and it is highly readable.

Michael Barrett is very good at concentrating extreme excitement in a small focus. *The Man on the Spike*

### BEHIND THE SCENES



12—NORMAN MARSHALL

Producer in the theatre since 1925, and for five years a formative influence in drama for independent TV



is a curious triangle drama about an unfrocked English clergyman who gets mixed up in a remote Venezuelan village with an American evangelist on the run for peculation and the ex-tart who is his only remaining disciple. The Englishman, held by the police under suspicion of being the evangelist, plays sadistically at cat-and-mouse with the others, threatening exposure and doing his best to break down their relationship. The nervous tension of these scenes is very powerfully conveyed. When the evangelist is at last discovered, he retires to the hills to shoot it out with the police in a crazy siege, while the Englishman and the girl, unwillingly linked, suffer tortures from the press below. It is part of the strength of this unusual novel that even at the end we can only guess to what extent the evangelist was an impostor. Mr. Barrett occasionally over-writes, but he draws character vividly and his narrative is always gripping.

Stephen Longstreet's hero in *Artists' Quarter* is a painter of genius born in Spain in 1881, who learned to draw under his father, an unsuccessful art-master, went to Paris at the turn of the century, took his mother's name and went on to revolutionize the art of his time. In fact, Picasso; and personally I would much rather Mr. Longstreet had given us a straight biography, with notes and acknowledgments of sources, than reduced it unsatisfactorily to a piece of fiction. This is not badly done, but with a figure of Picasso's importance it is irritating not to know which is the genuine article and which invention.

Matisse, the Steins, Apollinaire and Utrillo are all here, with Braque strangely missing. Artists' society on the left bank and in Montmartre comes to life, but the proofs have been very carelessly read, and even the Perigourdine is misspelt.

I recommend strongly a collection called *West Indian Stories*, which has been edited by Andrew Salkey and which discovers a lot of original talent from an area without literary tradition. Most of the subject-matter is pleasingly fresh and the pick of the stories is strikingly good.

—ERIC KEOWN

## WITHOUT ROOTS

**Hired to Kill.** John Morris. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 25/-

Mr. Morris began his career in a bank, which he hated; his parents, once fairly well off, had become poor, and from early days he suffered from a sense of being without roots in the community. In 1914 he was bounced into the Army and, for want of anything better, remained in it until the late 1920s. Serving with a Gurkha regiment he developed a liking for Indians, but loathed the pretentiousness of Anglo-Indian society; nevertheless he was a successful officer and, having a talent for native languages, he was attached to the Everest expedition of 1922. Belatedly he discovered that he was homosexual and this further increased his feeling of alienation from the kind of social life to which his profession committed him. A late developer, it was long before he found his *métier*; but for the fact that he became ill with tuberculosis he might

have remained a regular officer, instead of becoming—as in due course he did—Controller of the Third Programme.

The book ends with his discharge from the Army; but one hopes for further instalments of this honest, unpretentious and pleasantly written autobiography.

—JOCELYN BROOKE

## DUSTY ANSER

**Field With Geese.** Lyn Irvine. *Hamish Hamilton*, 16/-

Since Penelope kept a flock of twenty geese in the palace grounds at Ithaca, *Poie* has had its place in legend and history. St. Werburga created a goose from the goose-bones left over at dinner, and Guardsman Jacob, the mascot of the Coldstream Guards, was taken on the strength in 1938 and awarded a good conduct badge. (His head was duly stuffed when he died and may still be seen at Wellington Barracks to-day.) In the present book Mrs. Irvine discourses on goose legend and goose history, and, more particularly, on the flock which she keeps in her own field in East Anglia. *Field With Geese*, I must confess, has an East Anglian flatness; but just as one comes across unexpectedly pleasant corners even in the wide wastes of Norfolk, one finds some charming details here and there in this study, and we are left with clear character studies of Grey Goose, Drowsy Goose, the Senior Gander and the inquisitive Auntie.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

## BEFORE THE FALL

**The 'Thirties.** Julian Symons. *Cresset Press*, 25/-

To anyone who was young enough to feel the strong heartbeat of the 'thirties, this is a wonderfully evocative and exciting book. To the youth of the 'fifties and 'sixties it will seem a crazy, ludicrously emotional, unstable and inaccurate sketch of the mind of man before the second Fall. Yet Mr. Symons's "dream" is substantial and accurate.

The strange thing is that the romantic vision of the young poets, Auden, Isherwood, Spender, MacNeice, Day Lewis and Co., was shared to some extent by the Jarrow Crusaders, the Surrealists, the International Brigade, the L.S.E. Socialists, and even the Mosleyites. In the 'thirties it was possible to believe that art, economics and politics could ride the same band-wagon, that history was on the side of the democracies and that Communism was the source of ultimate morality. It is no longer so, and this beautifully written story now has a fairy-tale quality that is utterly enchanting and too deep for tears.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## THE OLD QUEEN'S COURT

**Lady Lytton's Court Diary.** Edited by Mary Lutyens. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 30/-

Lady Lytton (widow of the 1st Earl Lytton, who had been Viceroy and



"Beat it! Can't you see we're hibernating!"

Ambassador in Paris as well as an author under the name of Owen Meredith) was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria in 1895. Her diary consequently covers the last years of the Queen's life, and the gradual breaking-up of her health. The diarist lacked the literary skill of her husband's family, but her granddaughter Mary Lutyens, by deft editing and annotation, has turned the slight material into an interesting and coherent narrative. The Queen herself appears in an attractive and kindly light. "What fools," she says, on hearing that Grieg was not appreciated in Germany. Her Letter to the Nation on the death of her son-in-law, quoted in an appendix, is notable for its well-expressed feeling, being written unaided and without correction when she was nearly blind. Lady Lytton also gives a version of what must have been a prototype Shaggy Dog story—the dog who picked a forget-me-not to remind his owner that he had not been fed, at which the Queen laughed heartily but asked "Can it be true?"

— VIOLET POWELL

#### NORDIC VIEW OF KENYA

**Shadows on the Grass.** Isak Dinesen. Michael Joseph, 10/6

These chapters complete *Out of Africa*, which "Isak Dinesen" published in 1937 under her own name of Baroness Karen Blixen. Odd, proud, feudal and Scandinavian, they describe Kenya in a heraldic prose which suits it as well as it has suited strange tales of eighteenth-century Europe. Now cold, now warm, now treating the African as a child, now declaring that the worst fault of the British has been to deny him his own past, Isak Dinesen gives a picture of the country that is quite unlike the usual British picture but carries conviction.

These comparatively straightforward pieces about hunting or curing sick Africans or fighting the Government over land policy are less mannered than some of the baroness's baffling stories about the gothic north (baffling less in what is described than in why it is described, in aim rather than achievement). In the background move dim figures from the British aristocracy; it is a pity that their terrifying Danish coequal never puts them in the foreground of her imperious attention.

— R. G. G. PRICE

#### VOX ET PRAEPEEA ALIQUID

**Sir Patrick Hastings. His Life and Cases.** H. Montgomery Hyde. Heinemann, 30/-

Lives of great advocates all remind us that their cases were sublime. The man himself seems often hardly to exist—he is voice, wig and gown, nothing more. It is one of the merits of this biography

The author of *The Orchestra*, published by the Oxford University Press and reviewed in the December 21 issue, is Mervyn Bruxner.




"She says 'Tell Dad he's just stopped being the head of a two-car family.'"

#### CREDIT BALANCE

**Snakes and Ladders.** Marjory Todd. Longmans, 21/-. Admirable autobiography by daughter of sly, violent, self-pitying boiler-maker from whom, by tremendous efforts, she escaped via domestic service, the Civil Service, the B.B.C. and the probation service. Most vivid pictures of working class life. Shrewd assessment of how much adult faults can be excused by upbringing.

**Agony of the Congo.** Ritchie Calder. Gollancz, 16/-. The history of the Congo crisis done in a typically journalistic manner—that is, lucid, objective and comprehensive, but betraying signs of haste. ("In the Kasai problem, we reckon that there are at least 120 displaced persons" doesn't sound right.) The author was attached to the W.H.O., and his account of its, and the United Nations', work in the Congo is heartening in the extreme.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

## FOR WOMEN



## My Next Husband—VI

MY present husband is too good for me; my next one will be wicked. At the moment I am continually being urged to behave myself and not to do this or that in public. What I need is someone who will egg me on, someone very bad indeed. He will drink too much and smoke too much and gamble. We will have terrific rows because he won't be at all reasonable, and neither am I. He will shout at me and I will be able to scream and spit back at him without feeling mean about it. Whenever I want to annoy him I shall talk about my first husband and say what a pet he was and how reasonable. ("Not like you," I shall say.)

Other women will chase him. He will be irresistible to them because of his charm and good looks. He will be cruel to them though—leading them on for amusement then, quickly becoming bored with them, hurrying back to me. His discarded women will weep and be sad, and I shall be kind to them and comfort them—but only a little.

On the other hand no man will dare to make a pass at me because if he does my second husband will fight him—publicly too—yes!—even in a restaurant.

He will be lazy, just like me. The garden will become wild and overgrown. We will toss up to see who must go out

to buy more gin, and I will cheat so that he has to go every time. Every morning we will stay in bed late and I won't feel at all guilty. Then we'll get up and quarrel about who makes the lunch and in the end we'll go out to a pub and buy sandwiches.

I shall run away from him occasionally. He will come after me though and force me to go back to him. If ever he doesn't come after me I shall tear back in a furious temper to find out why.

I am not sure how he will earn his living but he will be quite rich. We will go abroad very often and when we come back we will smuggle things into the country. This I have always wanted to do and husband number one watches me like a hawk and feels nervous in case I have got heroin in my powder compact. Husband number two will only be cross if I am found out.

All my relatives who now feel sorry for my present husband will sympathize with me when I get my new one. But also, especially if they are women, they will wonder why such a handsome, attractive, exciting man has chosen to marry me.

I shall say nothing, but I shall smile as enigmatically as I can, and fervently hope that they never find out about his wife.

—DOROTHY DRAKE

## Every Child his own Gourmet

IT seems a pity that Western parents should strive so earnestly and conscientiously to deprive their children of the pleasures of the table. The poor little things, reared by their Spock-ridden parents on that gastronomic monstrosity called nursery food, never have a chance. Either they spend their adult lives hankering for rice pudding the way Mummy used to make it, and turning down everything in the least degree palatable as "unwholesome" or else they go to the opposite extreme and reject everything that doesn't include mushrooms and truffles and cream and Armagnac in the sauce. (Quite a few plush international restaurants seemed to have planned their bills of fare with this latter category in mind.) Neither of these disasters is really necessary.

There are two main things to

remember if you want to educate the tender palate: (1) you can't start too young, and (2) Nature is on your side. The toddler who eats sand, mud, and the stuffing out of a teddy-bear with every evidence of enjoyment is not going to turn down *zabaglione* or garlic sausage without a reason—and the reason is probably that half-anxious, half-hopeful look in your eye as you offer it to him. There is no need to be anxious: mud and sand are quite nourishing, and as soon as they cease to give him adequate sustenance he will try something else; so you can take that look off your face and let him get on with whatever he fancies. Human nature being what it is, it would probably help if you could eat up whatever he has rejected as if you simply couldn't believe your luck (thus teaching him, as a side issue, that a meat-pie in someone

else's hand is worth any number of mud-pies in one's own).

Let him have all the sweets he wants. Most children, left to themselves, prefer savouries to sweet things—as any mother who has provided a spread of birthday cake, meringues, jellies, fruit-salad, trifle, chocolate biscuits, and one plate of sardine-sandwiches-for-the-grown-ups will have found out the hard way. It is only the adults' insistence that sweets are bad for him that makes him think he's missing the best in life if he doesn't eat a pound a day.

If you take him abroad, don't try to get home food for him. You wouldn't dream of ordering *rosbif* in Paris for yourselves, so why should he have to put up with it? Let him tuck into the snails, poor little chap, same as you. And don't fuss about whether the restaurant's kitchen is hygienic: this



would probably lead to a lifelong neurosis, or at least to compulsive hand-washing. Even if it isn't all that hygienic, it won't hurt *him*—remember all that mud he used to eat? And surely you don't want to tear down the magnificent resistance his years of mud-eating have built up by starting to protect him *now* from the odd germ? Squeamishness is the enemy of appetite,

and you shouldn't have any truck with it.

Finally, you should at all times bear firmly in mind that your toddler of to-day is somebody's husband of tomorrow. The intonation of his voice as he exclaims to his bride (flushed and radiant from her first encounter with a Mexican cook-book), "Chicken with chocolate sauce!" is going to depend on *you*.

— KATHARINE DOWLING

## Making Good

MY husband says the time of year for making good is here. He means the chilly time of rubbing down and varnishing, of copper-bottoming and painting, the annual spring-time face-lift for our boat. The time of scare-crow wives, torn fingernails, daubed hands, rough faces and raw knees. This, to my husband, is a proper wifely state, not entering his consciousness, because of his obsession with his boat. My only worry is his pile of magazines, rigging a-swarm with *soignée* sailoresses, masterpieces of marine maquillage, of shipboard chic, and navy-blue perfection.

As yet, the folk from the Manor do not drive their polished limousine down the lane, yachting caps a-gleam with captaincy, to the coast on a Saturday morning. They still spend their watery week-ends on some expensive stretch of river in search of the elusive salmon, caught for them, in the evening of a luckless day, by an obliging water-bailiff. What time their handsome yacht receives her annual furbishing from professional hands; soon she will ride, reflecting her smooth lines in the deep channel off the yacht club.

Already the warm winds off the sea blow a taste of salt across the valley to our garden. As we come through the wood, with our arms full of twigs, and watch the spotted woodpecker wreak havoc on the elm, we think at once of borers, of wood-rot, and the thousand natural shocks that boats are heir to. So we take our rule and notebook, and our Wellingtons and woollens, and set off for the mudflats to inspect our boat.

Gloved fingers scribble down the work ahead: replace the bit of transom gouged out on old Fred's jetty last

July; screw down seat uprooted by enthusiastic schoolboy; bring back into use lost floorboard floated up again on shore by a most helpful tide.

A neighbour working on a near-by dinghy looks quite fetching. Standing knee-deep in the ooze to watch a curlew, he wears an old fur coat, the sleeves cut short for greater freedom, the tattered lining flapping, and, deep in the mud, plimsolls. And there he stands, with a beer and a monumental sandwich, to watch a curlew. But the ends of the

rope around his middle are most wonderfully spliced.

The tally of work to do still mounts: wash bilges, scrape out sludge, sedge, soggy powderpuff and bottle-tops; and try to think of an easier way of baling out this year; the empty pea-can method left the knuckles rather raw—a larger tin, perhaps . . . ?

Fishermen shove off and make their way up the channel, outboards a-putter. They anchor out in the river mouth and cast their lines. Farther along, a mass of seagulls fall upon a shoal, and feast with wry screams. The fishermen wait. Here is no gamekeeper to sell you fish; you stand revealed for what you are, and wish you were a seagull.

Twenty yards off the Ancient of the foreshore, who holds us all in fee, sits on a crate skinning a hare, one eye alert for any menace to the boats stored in his paddock, especially for the predations of small boys, who fear his very eyebrows. A two-way traffic of advice and notes takes place, and then we set off, back through the brambles and over the stile, home to the woodpecker and the warm fire.

— ELIZABETH COLLIER



"But what have you got for people who already are?"

## Toby Competitions

### No. 150—Have You a Clue?

REQUESTS have been made for another crossword clue competition; here it is. Definitions, as ingenious as possible please, for the following words:

MARTELLO	SENTIMENTALIST
PINTADO	SUBORDINATION
SLAUGHTERHOUSE	EXIMIOUS

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, February 1.** Address to TOBY COMPETITIONS No. 150, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

### Report on Competition No. 147

(Mystery of Life)

Competitors were asked to produce a baffling news story. This request went to some competitors' heads and improbability was piled on improbability. Some of the most successful entries were the more matter-of-fact in tone. One

obvious target, the pointless gossip paragraph, got off very lightly. One competitor baffled me by using some kind of home-made dialect. The winner was:

M. W. GRAY  
7 LAYTON AVENUE  
MANSFIELD  
NOTTS.

### BRITAIN FIRST AGAIN!

The Ministry of Labour announced to-day that British scientists have developed an entirely new and less complex method that will revolutionize experimentation with untried and simple systems throughout the world. Tall, balding Dr. Zutz, who captains Britain's research team in a remote castle on the Welsh coast, told our reporter in an exclusive interview that it was difficult to describe the achievement in non-scientific terms. "Broadly speaking," he said, "we believe we have found a completely original and basic approach to the discovery of hitherto unknown ways of scientific investigation. This dramatic British advance has already aroused widespread interest in America, though

Wall Street has not yet been affected. **Our Scientific Correspondent reports:** page 3.

### Following are the runners-up:

#### WAR HERO RETURNS FROM DEAD

"I walked all the way."

Col. H. St. Q. Thorn-Waters, last seen in 1943 with a local girl entering a Flanders wine-shop which enemy shells destroyed five minutes later, sat to-night in his old London club.

Pressed for an explanation, the Colonel raised his glass. "To Mimi and her trusty oak chest," he said. Asked why the journey home took seventeen years, he replied: "Mimi wasn't the only pebble on the Belgian beach, what."

A War Office spokesman said to-night that the decision to allow Thorn-Waters to undertake the Flanders offensive had been taken with some reluctance by the Prime Minister and his colleagues.

M. Hitchen, 16 Staybrite Avenue, Cottingley, Bingley, Yorks.

#### KENNEDY TO RESIGN

There are rumours circulating in Washington that President-Elect Kennedy may resign the Presidency in the event that Laos cannot come to terms with Cuba.

Not only is Laos not interested in resuming former relations with Cuba; neither is Kennedy dedicated to a political solution. The diplomatic crisis in Havana may be the reason for this decision. Diplomatic relations with Cuba were severed some time ago, and if, when President Eisenhower leaves office, the Castro régime is still in power, it may appear that Kennedy was bluffing.

Cuban Premier Fidel Castro declined comment on the grounds that present "sugar supply" discrimination puts Cuba at a definite disadvantage.

C. Hurst, 79 Hertford Street, Cambridge.

Ex-paratrooper Major Peregrine Trotter, 43-year-old second cousin of the Earl of Drouth, sipped a glass of brandy at his Tudor cottage last night—and denied that he had apologized to the Marrow and Pumpkin Board.

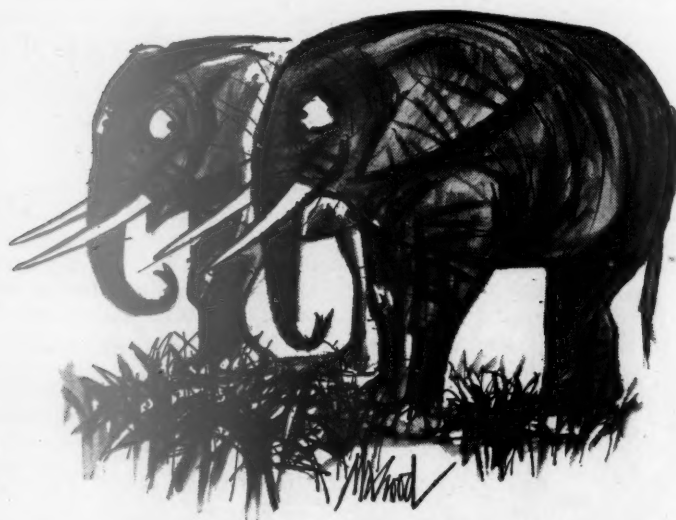
"Catch me crawling to them," he said. Then he put on an old brown hat and took his 14-year-old Labrador, Saxby, for a walk on his 400-acre estate at Bampton.

Last week the Board stated that the major had been summoned to answer charges of "marrow quota irregularities." But yesterday an official said "The case is no longer on our files."

Lord Drouth said "Marrows, eh? No comment."

Peter Veale, 3 Shepherds Hill, London, N.6.

Book tokens also to J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee, London, S.E.12; E. O. Parrott, 47 Daver Court, Chelsea Manor Street, London, S.W.3; Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Road, Liverpool, 15, and J. A. Williams, "Rose Bank," Clifton Road, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire.



"It's easy enough to say 'Forget it.'"

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## Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking *for* authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

If you believe that news and views should be kept apart, and if you don't wait for a crisis to find out what's happening, you are yourself the sort of person who should be taking The Times.

## Top People read THE TIMES

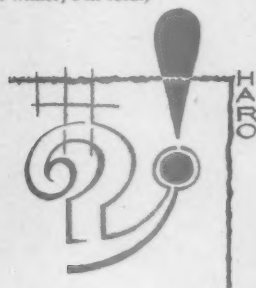
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## Summit attempted, summit done

XIMENES . . . I did it once! My intellectual Everest, its all but virgin snows marked by one wavering trail of yeti-like footprints. But the Ximenes crossword, to tumble metaphors, is like smoking: either you don't or you are an addict. Most solvers are regulars. And when I learned that several friends of mine had polished the thing off in an evening, I turned to the Everyman one and the regular visual contentment of a full diagram.

(Talking about crosswords, and switching images once more, did you enjoy the Omnibus Swimming Bath in the Christmas number of The Observer? I hope so. Designed for those who like to splash about a bit, get their hair wet, blow bubbles and try a number of fancy strokes, this generous notion was strictly a once-in-a-while, I'm told.)



Lately I have found a new drug, habit-forming also for all I know, in The Observer Brain Twister—a mathematical or cryptographic problem of wide variety, with which there is no question of partial success. Suppose your life depended on a correct answer . . .

### R.S.V.P.

Happily it doesn't, and so, digging my heels into the flanks of a new analogy, I can liken all Observer puzzles to green olives and pickled gherkins, kickshaws, side-dishes at the weekly banquet of Observer news and views. The protein in Mammon's City article is rarish, surface-grilled; in The Nation's Business it is simply very well done. The Profile, depending on the subject, may be anything from a juicy rabbit pie to a haunch of venison.

Whole wheat bread and the best butter for the editorial comment. Flummery from Paul Jennings. Ozone and mixed vitamins in Chris Brasher's new Leisure page (a dish you'll find on no other menu in the world). Rose petal and eschscholtzia salad from V. Sackville-West. Lawrence Hill for (bacon and) beans. A piercing, indefinable flavour from Gardner's small square cartoon mouthful.

From summits to sumptuousness in six imperceptible steps. No wonder Pendennis's title is 'Table Talk'. Pull up a chair and unbutton your waistcoat for next Sunday's Observer.

J.B.L.

## A powerful weapon in the fight against CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

STATISTICS SHOW that, in Britain alone, some 16,500,000 working days are lost every year because of bronchitis. This complaint, like catarrh, attacks people of all ages and in all sorts of occupations, and it is no wonder that research workers have spared neither time nor money in the quest for more effective treatment. Oral vaccination—the taking of vaccines by mouth—is today recognized as one of the best ways to fight catarrh, bronchitis, and other similar ailments, and Lantigen 'B' is a vaccine which has been developed specially for this purpose.

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